Vol. CXLIV
No. 1883

With Special Section—THE LIFE STORY OF KING EDWARD VIII

THE SPHERE, FEB. 1, 1936
With which is incorporated "BLACK & WHITE."
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THE SPHERE

THE FUNERAL OF KING GEORGE V 2/-

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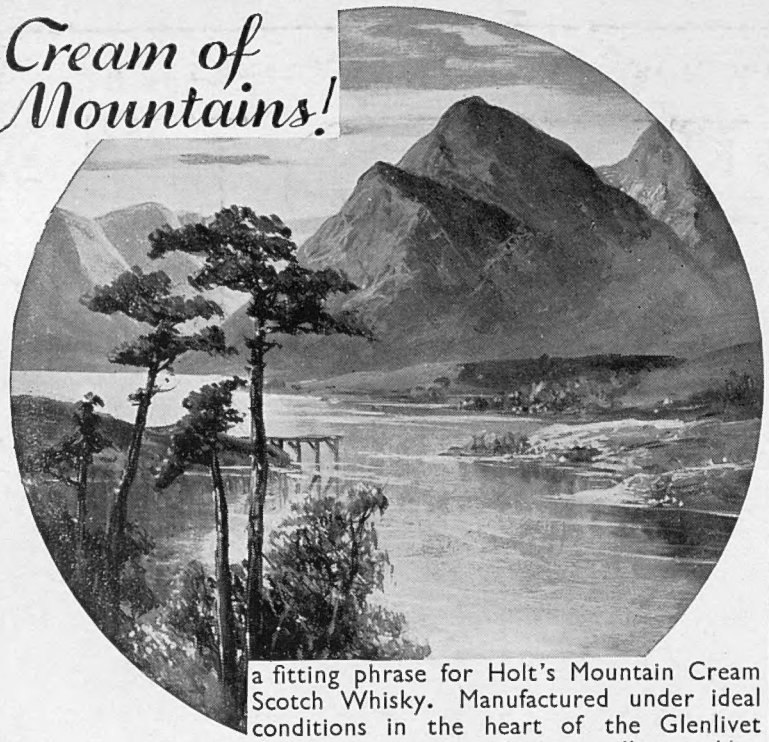

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Statement of Accounts, December 31st, 1935

LIABILITIES	£
Paid-up Capital	14,248,012
Reserve Fund	11,500,000
Current, Deposit and other Accounts (including Profit Balance)	443,655,177
Acceptances and Confirmed Credits	10,987,614
Engagements	6,718,097
ASSETS	
Coin, Bank Notes & Balances with Bank of England	48,695,719
Balances with, and Cheques on other Banks	17,634,489
Money at Call and Short Notice	26,710,876
Investments at or under Market Value	111,464,862
Bills Discounted	29,573,494
British Treasury Bills	39,691,499
Advances to Customers and other Accounts	177,120,890
Liabilities of Customers for Acceptances, Confirmed Credits and Engagements	17,705,711
Bank Premises at Head Office and Branches	9,239,896
Other Properties and work in progress for extension of the business	942,559
Shares in Yorkshire Penny Bank Ltd.	750,000
Capital, Reserve and Undivided Profits of	
Belfast Banking Co. Ltd.	1,676,032
The Clydesdale Bank Ltd.	3,052,405
North of Scotland Bank Ltd.	2,437,512
Midland Bank Executor and Trustee Co. Ltd.	412,956

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HEAD OFFICE: POULTRY, LONDON, E.C.2

TRAVEL NOTES of the WEEK

Answers to Enquirers

(See also 3rd page of cover)

D., Jersey (Balearic Isles). — The scenery of Iviza is quite attractive and fairly good accommodation can be had on the Island. We do not think, however, that you would care to spend a whole month there and would suggest that instead you visit one of the small seaside villages in Majorca. Pollensa-Puerto, for instance, is a delightful little place on the north coast of the island, the Mar-y-cel Hotel there, which charges about 9s. per day, being most comfortable. Facilities for sports include tennis, bathing, boating, and fishing, while many delightful excursions can be made both on foot and by car. The best way of travelling to Majorca is via Paris and Barcelona, from where it is an overnight crossing to Palma, the capital of Majorca. The manager of the Mar-y-cel Hotel will arrange for a car to meet you at the boat.

K., Cheshire (Dalmatia). — April would be an ideal month in which to make a cruise down the Dalmatian coast. There is an excellent service of steamers up and down this coast, sailing from Trieste and Susak, and you will find it possible to spend several days in each port, moving on at will, for there are daily steamer connections between the various coastal towns. If you have but a limited time at your disposal your best plan would be to take one of the regular tourist cruises run by the Jadranska Plovidba D.D. from Susak every Sunday and Wednesday, the return trip taking six days and costing about £7 1st class in a 2-berth cabin.

The Perfect Tribute

The Charm of this Carved Scroll Memorial is its Simplicity of Design. In Silvery Grey Cornish Granite, ht. 1ft. 3ins. Erected in any Churchyard £26
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These Illustrated BOOKLETS Post Free :
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THE SPHERE

Vol. CXLIV No. 1880 — WITH WHICH IS INCORPORATED THE GRAPHIC — FEB. 1 1936

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have in 92 years prepared over 33,000 children for a useful life.

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QUALITY is the reason for the world-wide success of delicious 'Ovaltine.' By sheer merit it has won the complete confidence of the medical profession everywhere. For the same reason it is the daily beverage in countless thousands of homes. No other food beverage has ever achieved such world-wide popularity.

The whole 'Ovaltine' organisation at King's Langley, Herts, is planned for ***quality*** production. The 'Ovaltine' Factory, with its white-tiled walls and spotless cleanliness, is a perfect example of scientific and hygienic efficiency.

The 'Ovaltine' Dairy Farm with its famous Jersey Cows, and the 'Ovaltine' Egg Farm, stocked with pedigree hens, are the most up-to-date Farms in the world. They set the highest standards of quality for the milk and eggs used in 'Ovaltine.'

The ingredients of 'Ovaltine'—malt *plus* milk *plus* EGGS—are each essential to a complete and perfect food. Eggs are particularly important because they provide valuable nerve-building properties. No tonic food beverage would be complete without the liberal use of eggs.

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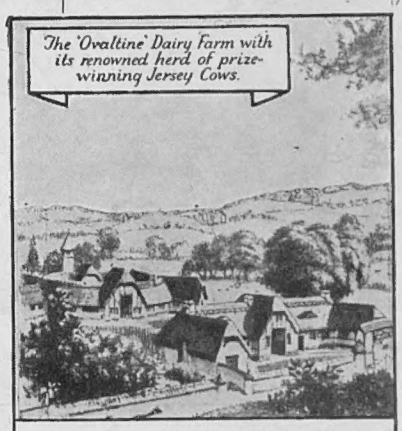
Remember, too, that 'Ovaltine' provides the maximum of health-giving nourishment at the lowest possible price. Even when you make 'Ovaltine' entirely with milk it is still the most economical food beverage—a fact due to the high quality of its ingredients and the small quantity of 'Ovaltine' you need to use. Moreover, 'Ovaltine' has special properties which make milk digestible and much more nourishing.

For all these reasons it is in your best interests to drink delicious 'Ovaltine.' There is nothing "just as good."

Quality always tells—insist on 'Ovaltine.'

Prices in Gt. Britain and N. Ireland, 1/1, 1/10 and 3/3



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Volume CXLIV. No. 1880

The SPHERE, London, February 1, 1936

THE SPHERE

With which is incorporated "THE GRAPHIC"

The Empire's Illustrated Weekly

London, February 1, 1936

THE LAST REMAINS OF KING GEORGE BROUGHT TO THE CAPITAL

London was plunged into deep gloom on the day following the announcement of the King's death, but, if possible, the grief of the people was even more profound and the sense of personal loss even more poignant when on Thursday of last week the mortal remains of the beloved sovereign passed through their midst on the way to the lying-in-state in Westminster Hall, scene of so many Royal events. Here the coffin, draped with the Royal Standard and with the Imperial crown set upon it, is depicted as it was reverently taken from the train that had conveyed it from Wolferton, Norfolk, to King's Cross, and standing in the centre of the platform, watching the sad scene, are the Royal mourners. *Left to right front row*—The Duke and Duchess of Kent, Queen Mary, the Duke of Gloucester, Earl of Harewood, and King Edward. *Left to right, back row*—The Princess Royal, the Duchess of York, the Duchess of Gloucester, and the Duke of York

REGISTERED AS A NEWSPAPER FOR TRANSMISSION IN THE UNITED KINGDOM.

Postage—Inland, 2d.; Canada and Newfoundland, 1½d.; Elsewhere Abroad, 3½d.

THE WIDOWED QUEEN

The Late King's Consort to whom Britain and the Empire Unite in Extending Heartfelt Sympathy

Queen Mary, who for so long and so faithfully worked in such unity with our late lamented Sovereign and contributed in such large measure to the greatness of his reign, was referred to in glowing terms by Mr. Baldwin in his broadcast speech after the King's death, and his words so completely epitomise the feelings of Her Majesty's people that we cannot do better than quote them here in their entirety. "It often seems to me that in a married life so perfect, so happy as theirs was, there has to come that inevitable day when one is taken and the other is left, and one of the two has to continue the pilgrimage to the end alone. There are millions of hands which, if they could reach the Queen, would be stretched out to her and tears of sympathy be shed with her, and it must be some comfort to her, though we cannot tell her that, to know of that feeling, and she must know it from the events of that wonderful Jubilee summer. But may not this be a comfort to her as it has been a comfort to others that, after all, the one who is left is really carrying the cross for the one who has gone before? If she were not suffering to-day, he would be, and she is bearing what might have been his sorrow for him; and I cannot help feeling that with a King, knowing how lonely the high places of the world are, and knowing that he has no one but his wife with whom he might have really intimate converse—I tremble to think what it might have been for him had he been alone in his awful task with no voice by him to cheer, to comfort, and to encourage. We are thankful indeed to feel that even in her sorrow Queen Mary is spared to the people who love her, and I am sure that all will show her how close she is to their hearts"

THE HOUSE of MOURNING

Sandringham—the Last Hours and the Final Journey Described

By ALAN BELL

THERE is no place in this realm which does not sorrow at the death of George the Fifth. But there is one place visited by more than sorrow, one place where in farm and cottage, in every household throughout whole villages, there is dejection. The estate of Sandringham, the quiet Norfolk seat which meant more to the King than any of his palaces, the spot in England which held for him the magic of home, has lost not a ruler only, but a kindly, most lenient, and accessible friend.

King Edward VII, who in 1861 acquired the estate, partly it is said, out of winnings at baccarat, was looked up to with reverence. King George was frankly loved. When he stepped through the doorways of tenant farmers on this 7,000 acres, there was nothing of the diffident confusion which elsewhere might greet the unheralded entrance of Royalty. The King was the owner, the squire, who ran down as often as he could; the man who was ready to pass a word, often a joke, with the lowliest carter. And it is as the master who moved genially among them for twenty-five years that the rural community of Sandringham mourns the King.

"We cannot think, even now, though we have guarded him in the church, that he is gone." So said two of the King's gamekeepers on their way to the funeral service at St. Mary Magdalene last Thursday morning. One of them glanced at the sky; a sky as pure and blue as on that merry, wondrous morning of the Jubilee. "What a day," he spoke softly, "what a day for shooting—if only he were alive."

An estate groom recalled the King's last ride in Sandringham grounds on Jock, the white, sober-going old pony that I verily believe the King would not have exchanged for half the runners at Newmarket. Those two knew each other. When "the Squire" escaped after being chained to the Capital for weeks, he sought out that old friend on the first morning. The stable lads used to smile, and it was "Come on, Jock. See what he's got for you!"

"And you might believe that horse's eyes lit up," swore the groom, "and with a snort and a scramble he'd be up to the King, nuzzling round for the bits of sugar and the russets he always brought along." Gentlest of mounts, sagacious old roundsman, how will it go with you now? Jock never put a foot to ground, they boasted at Sandringham, without feeling to make sure there was no stone. That careful mount of the King's latter days behaved as though well knowing he carried the most precious burden in this Empire; and between rider and horse there was one of those strange, affectionate unities formerly common enough in England.

Four days before the end the King rode the pony, and no one guessed of the severance at hand. On the Thursday the King kept his room; on the Friday unquiet stories ran through the estate; on Saturday there was that bulletin which turned half the world uneasy. During the week-end, "Any news—any news at the House?" was the only greeting, and servants coming from duty were stopped a hundred times in the streets. Then, at midnight, the dreaded fact which the Sandringham population, waiting up to a man, had hoped against hope not to hear. It was with dispirited hearts and sad, compassionate words for the Queen that cottagers climbed their stairs that night.

When they rose next morning it was to find every estate clock set back thirty minutes to Greenwich time. By a custom dating from Edward VII's day (who thus nudged his guests into punctuality), the Sandringham hour, while the King was in residence, was advanced by a half-turn. The new Edward, as if sadly under lining the close of an era, had compelled the very time to pause in mourning.

From Monday, Dersingham, the hamlet hard by the House, and King's Lynn, the nearest town, were crowded by journalists serving capitals as remote as Tokyo, and visitors drawn they scarcely knew why, motored to Sandringham from distant corners of East Anglia. Of this invasion the stranger felt Sandringham to be jealous. The King was dead; yet was he not, peculiarly and possessively, their King? To these close mourners the attention of the outer world appeared almost unwarranted. And the dwellers on the estate alone were granted to look on the Sovereign for the last time.

On Tuesday all those who directly served the King passed slowly through that room on which centred the sorrow of whole nations. Sturdy foresters, keepers, old personal servants who grew old with the King, shed tears unashamed as they filed by that peaceful bed—a bed on which were thrown violets and Christmas roses and snowdrops gathered in the village gardens. And that night, in sleet and rain, they gathered bare-headed along the private path leading from the house to the parish church, and watched the King, lighted by torches and escorted by Grenadiers, carried to lie in simple state before the altar where he so often knelt. A solitary piper strode before, waking the darkness with a thrilling, wild lament that carried far beyond the grounds and struck the ear with chilling surmise.

The next morning the little church, so homely and unpretentious, such a church as nestles in a hundred English villages, became the point of pilgrimage for thousands. From London, from the towns of the North, from the market boroughs of East Anglia, even from the loyal West Country, cars and coaches hastened; and until darkness a stream of visitors paced past the coffin muffled in the Royal Standard and surmounted by the wreaths of the Queen and her sons. Four servants, hour by hour, kept motionless watch in the softly illumined sanctuary.

MOURNING HIS DEAD MASTER: Ninety-four-year-old George Mitchell, the oldest inhabitant of Dersingham village, who was for many years employed in the kitchens at Sandringham and remembers well the days when King George romped in the grounds as a child. His grandson is seen here reading to him a description of His Majesty's passing

But if on this day of repose in St. Mary's there came crowds, on the morning King George left Norfolk for ever there were multitudes. The surroundings of Sandringham are heath and forest; and in the silent pine woods many camped through the freezing night, pitching thin bivouacs or creeping into sleeping-bags piled over for more warmth with bracken. The left hand of dawn was a signal for the roads to wake. Roof and windscreen thickly rimed, cars sped ever forwards to that two-mile stretch of road by which the King must gain the station at Wolferton.

Hours before the procession was meant to start, watchers began to line the broad verges of grass which skirt every yard of the way. The route which the King so often took, and which he was now to traverse finally, shows in this winter season of the year a pensive, sombre aspect, well suited to a mourning day. Rhododendrons flank the path on either side; there are darkling belts of yew, lofty sequoias, cedars that cast gigantic shadows,

(Continued on p. 228)

"THE SQUIRE OF SANDRINGHAM" LIES IN STATE

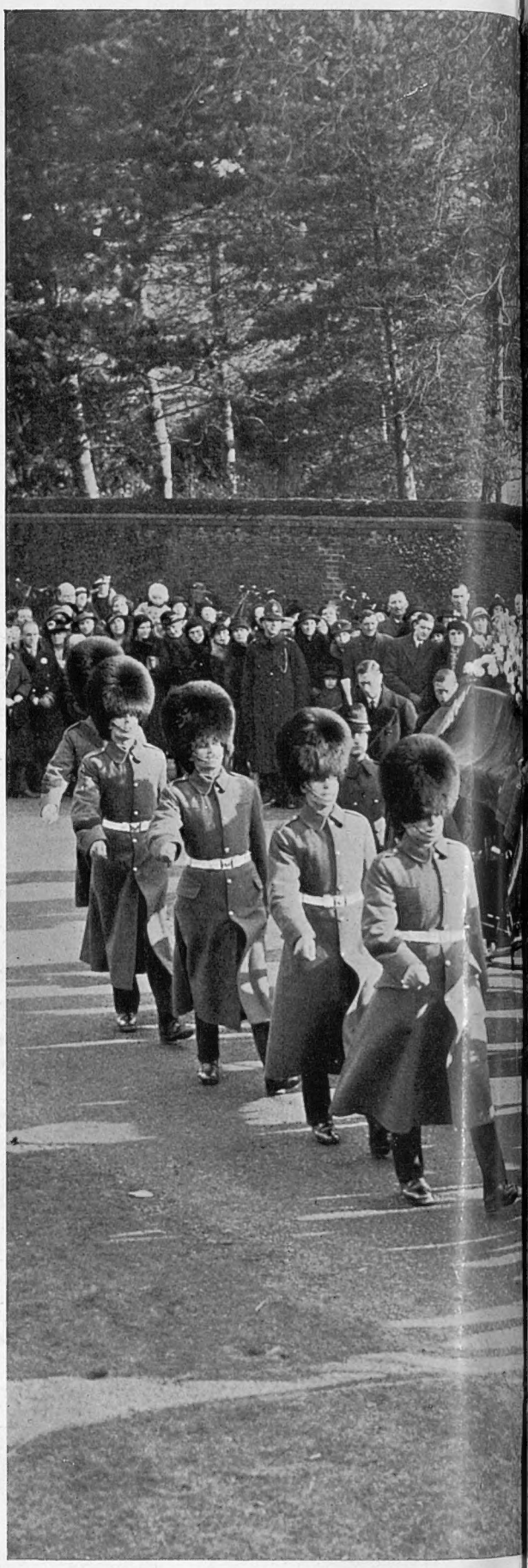
Estate foresters and gamekeepers keeping guard beside the coffin of their late master near the altar in the little church of St. Mary Magdalene, Sandringham, where it remained from Tuesday, January 21 to January 23, when it was conveyed to London. The church was open from 10-30 a.m. to 5 p.m. on the second day in order to enable King George's tenants and neighbours to take leave of their much-loved "Squire"

LEAVING SANDRINGHAM FOR THE LAST TIME

The Procession through Norfolk Lanes

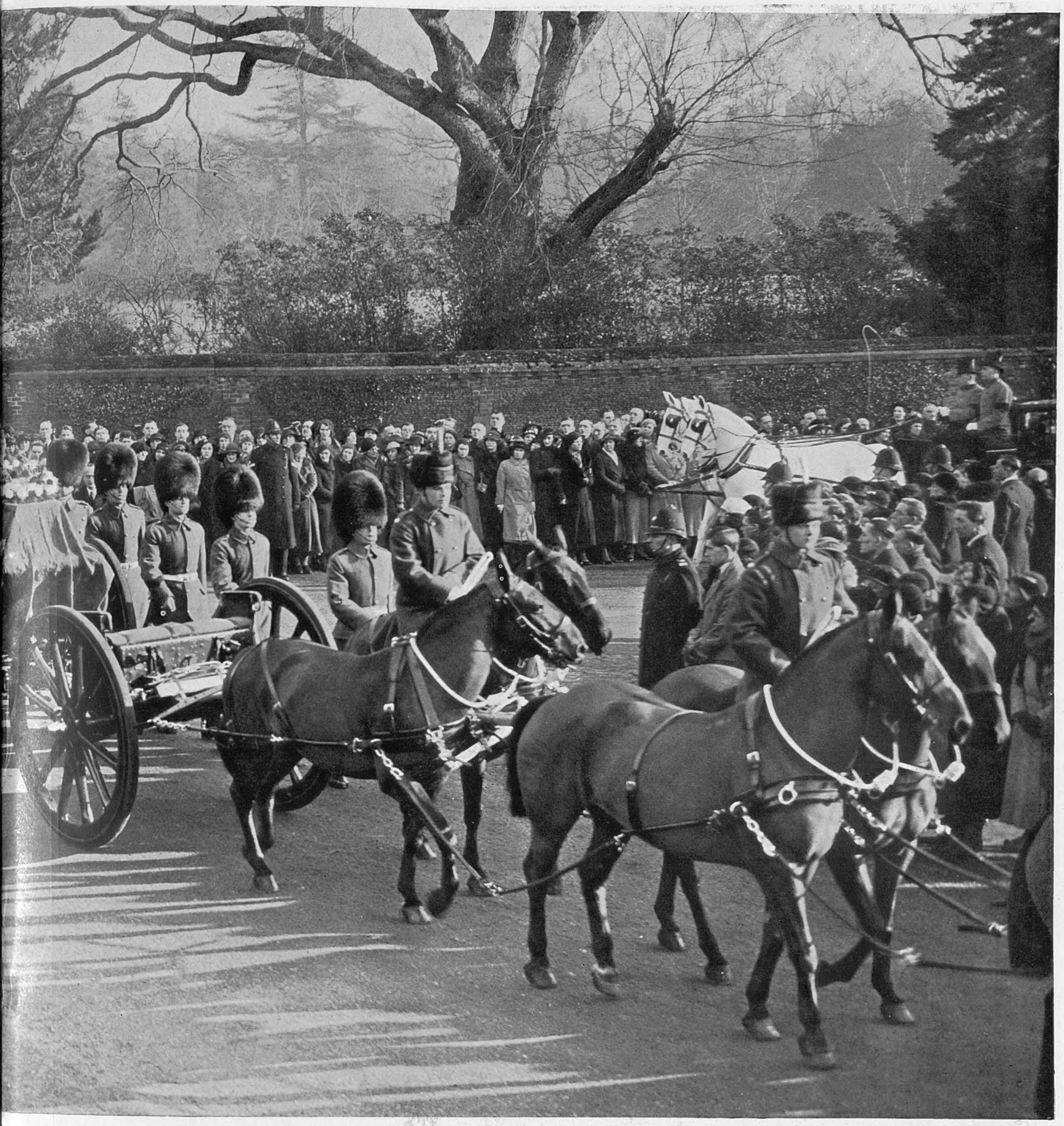
HIS MAJESTY'S FRIEND

On left—Jock, the late King George's white shooting pony and for many years his favourite mount, following some distance behind the gun carriage in the sad procession from Sandringham House to Wolferton. Jock, who bore his Royal master only two days before the start of his illness, used to follow the King like a dog, and had been known to steal up to the table during a shooting lunch in the woods and clear a plate in a "flash." He was between twelve and fifteen years of age



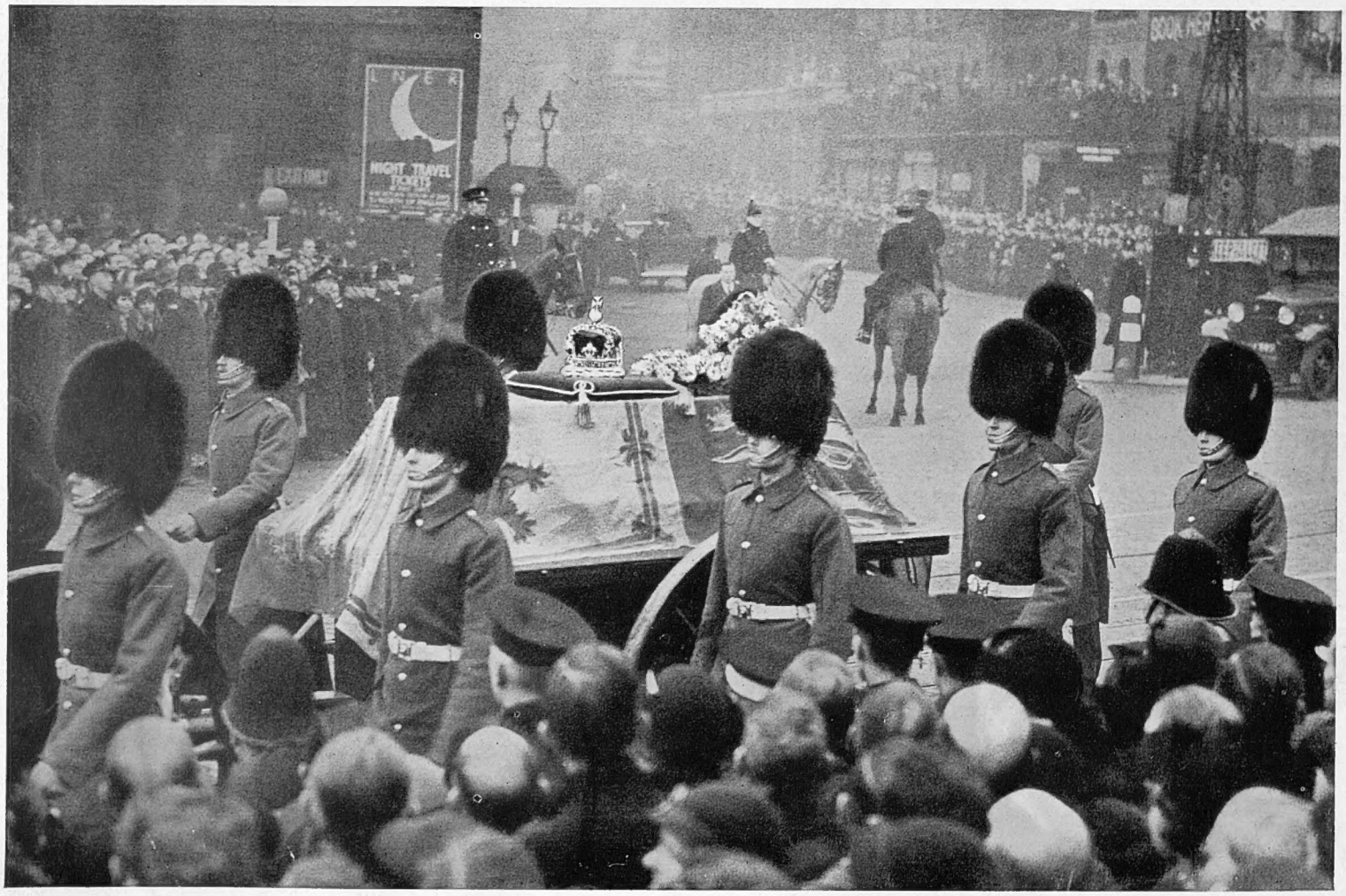
THE JOURNEY TO WOLFERTON

Above and on right—The gun carriage bearing King George's coffin on its way from Sandringham to the station, where it was entrained for London. The new King and his three brothers walked bareheaded behind the gun carriage the two miles to Wolferton and later in the day walked for over an hour in the procession from King's Cross to Westminster Hall—a more than ordinary ordeal in a week of tremendous stress



KING EDWARD VIII AND HIS THREE BROTHERS FOLLOW THE GUN CARRIAGE

The Duke of Kent, the Duke of York, King Edward, and the Duke of Gloucester walking behind the coffin on the way from Sandringham to Wolferton—their faces showing clearly the marks of their grief and of the period of intense stress through which they had passed. The Duke of York, it should be mentioned, although now heir-presumptive to the throne, does not become Prince of Wales as not a few may suppose, this title being reserved solely for the eldest living son of a sovereign



THE START OF THE JOURNEY FROM KING'S CROSS TO WESTMINSTER HALL

The coffin, with the Royal Standard for a pall and bearing upon it the Imperial Crown and a simple floral wreath, pictured as it was leaving the station en route to Westminster for the lying-in-state; passing through sorrowing crowds for the most part clad in the deepest mourning

THE SAD PROCESSION IN ALDWYCH

This was the moving spectacle witnessed from the offices of *The Sphere* as the coffin bearing the last remains of the dead monarch was conveyed on a gun-carriage through the sorrowing crowds from King's Cross to Westminster Hall. Following behind the bier were King Edward and his brothers—the Dukes of York, Gloucester, and Kent—and the Earl of Harewood, while also in the procession were members of the Royal Household. Here was no pomp and circumstance, but something well-nigh overwhelming in its sheer simplicity

King George Comes Home to His Capital

By W. HOLT WHITE

IT WAS CHILL—with the chill of death—outside Sandringham's little church of St. Mary Magdalene. It was so chill that the waiting thousands shivered, their breath coming from their pale lips like cold, white steam. They shivered the more as, on a sudden, wild, uncanny music filled the chill air. It was the King's piper playing a lament. Deathly cold it was, and yet a ruddy, unearthly sunshine flooded a frost-bitten countryside. It was not so much the sunshine of a morning as the sunshine of a dying day. It cast long shadows from man and tree.

Into the little church marched six giant men of the King's Company of Grenadiers. In that little church, made so graciously beautiful by the gifts of his many friends, the dead King, as a live Englishman, had so often worshipped with that simple and single-minded devotion which marked all his ways. In that quiet place the Queen had prayed beside the coffin of the dead King the day before.

The men of the King's Company bore the Monarch of yesterday out to the waiting gun-carriage. The people for a second, sharply drew in their breath; and the long march to Wolferton began.

The hoofs of the gunners' horses sounded slowly yet sharply on the iron road. In the hush of nature and of man, you could hear the tramp of the feet of King Edward and his brothers as they marched behind their great dead father. It was cold—deathly cold. Waiting women along the route had girt rugs around their skirts. Some of the waiting men wore two overcoats. But King Edward and his brothers, in their civilian black, their silk hats swinging in their black gloved hands, marched stolidly and stoically.

Two plain carriages followed them bearing the Queen, the Princess Royal, and the Duchesses of York, Gloucester, and Kent. Dim, white-faced figures in dimness. And, behind them, retainers from the estate. And Jock, King George's frost-white shooting pony on which he had ridden but a week or so ago.

The sight of that white pony struck home to the hearts of the country folk who stood in rough wagons, along that remote king's highway. For the land about Sandringham is as remote as kings. It may be that is why the dead King loved it.

And King Edward VIII marched on, a stolid stoic, his face a mask of grief. And the bitter air must have stung his bare head till it was numb—numb as his grief. And so to Wolferton.

* * *

The long Royal train with the blinding white roofs steamed to London. In a black-hued saloon was the dead king's coffin. In that sad train travelled a bird cage, it held Charlotte, King George's parrot. He loved all creatures great and small.

* *

In the cold, black, bleakness of King's Cross — hushed for once—the Queen, the Princess Royal and the Royal Duchesses stood, a thin black line of sorrowing womanhood, to watch the coffin of their grief pass in to the sorrow of London.

Who can gauge the meaning of those stricken streets of London? Only those, perhaps, who witnessed the passing of Queen Victoria. Her death left those of us who remember it, benumbed. It was as though the world had passed away. And King Edward VII. He was so kind and so genial. When he died it seemed as though courage and the comfort of laughter had left us never to be regained.

But King George V? He was—he still is—different. He was so sane—in one man, in one monarch, our Sure Shield. He was that, God knows, through the cruel war.

Yes, and he was more than that though we did not know it until he died. Perhaps not even then. Perhaps not until he passed through London's streets as a dead man but still a living Power. We did not realise it until on that strained day we looked into each other's faces and understood that each and all of us had loved him because in his steadfast way he had loved us—His people—and had been our King and our friend. Nothing else can have accounted for the miracle of a people standing like packed avenues of the dead to watch the passing of a coffined but living King.

Think of it! Not many months ago it was Silver Jubilee. Twenty-five years he had reigned over us and not always could he have been happy and glorious. When he placed his wreath on the coffin of the Unknown Warrior, a million of his men throughout the Empire had died in that great cause which was jointly his and ours.

But Jubilee! How along the gay streets we laughed and cheered and shouted. We were brave and gay. But what stirred in us one emotion stirred in him another. I shall never forget Fleet Street on that day of Jubilee. In the Street, which prides itself on never being moved, we were delirious with happiness. Not so the King as he drove through us. He looked so full of health but at our welcome his eyes swam with tears. As for the Queen she wept openly and without shame.

THE END OF THE LONG JOURNEY: The coffin about to be taken into Westminster Hall for the lying-in-state. Queen Mary was waiting at the entrance to receive it

How utterly changed the streets on Thursday. The King was dead and we were dead in our hearts. The people who had cheered at Jubilee were dumb. The faces which had laughed were set and grim. The streets which had echoed to the roar of cheers at Jubilee were stony silent as a crypt. Thousands upon thousands of living people were hushed and silent as the dead.

Thus it was the way. Even the sordidness of the Euston Road was beautified by overmastering sadness. And so past the bare branches of the trees in Russell Square to Kingsway. And if ever it were King's Way—it was King's Way now. The light was already waning and the light seemed to be going out of people's lives. The official "Communiqué" had ordered a "decent mourning." The official exhortation was not needed. There was not a workman without a black tie.

Through the sombre mass of the people moved the gun carriage. And now the coffin was covered with the silken and emblazoned and mystic splendours of the

(Continued on p. 228)

THE RECEPTION OF THE COFFIN AT WESTMINSTER

For two days the Royal family had mourned their loss in the privacy of Sandringham, but when on January 23 the body was taken to Westminster Hall the people of the capital had their first opportunity to pay tribute to King George's memory. The cortège from King's Cross was timed to reach its destination at four o'clock in the afternoon, but an hour beforehand, when the Heralds, Gentlemen-at-arms, and other notabilities began to take up their positions, complete silence reigned in the lofty, oak-beamed hall. As the time approached the Heralds and Gentlemen-at-arms moved towards the north door with ghostly tread; a hoarse military command rang out from the courtyard, and the coffin, borne by eight stalwart Guardsmen, was seen silhouetted black at the entrance. The difficult task of placing the coffin on the high catafalque having been successfully accomplished, the Heralds again filed silently to their former positions, immediately followed by the Royal party which took up its place at some little distance from the catafalque. The Archbishop of Canterbury recited the prayers, and the choir of St. James's Chapel Royal burst into song. In a few minutes the simple service was completed

(Drawing by Percy Home)

William Davis

IN THE GREAT GREY HALL OF WESTMINSTER: The coffin bearing the last remains of His Majesty George V resting on the purple catafalque, with tall oak candlesticks at each corner, and in front the motionless figures of four officers of the Life Guards

KING GEORGE'S LYING in STATE

"THIS MY PALACE OF WESTMINSTER, IN THE MIGHTY HEART OF OUR EMPIRE"

It was in May, 1935, that King George V, when replying to the Loyal Addresses of the Lords and Commons, used the above words in referring to this ancient hall, and it was only fitting that he should lie in state here in this place of historic associations where some 670 years ago the knights of the shires and the burgesses sat for the first time with the Lords Spiritual and Temporal, and where, in the intervening years, dramatic events have taken place that have vitally affected the course of English history. On Friday of last week over 100,000 people—a sorrowing throng that represented all sections of the community—filed past the coffin, and on the succeeding days before the funeral many tens of thousands more waited their turn sacrificing hours of leisure and hours of sleep to pay their last homage. On Sunday the queue had become so vast that the hall was kept open all night

HOMAGE

The Phenomenal

WHEN THEY CAME IN THEIR THOUSANDS: Two impressions of the unending line of where, after their long wait on the pavements, they were permitted to file past the eight or ten abreast and the queue stretched the whole length of Abingdon Street Westminster Hall. Last Friday it was estimated that over 100,000 had passed, while total was in excess of 150,000. Most of them had to stand in drizzling rain, and at-

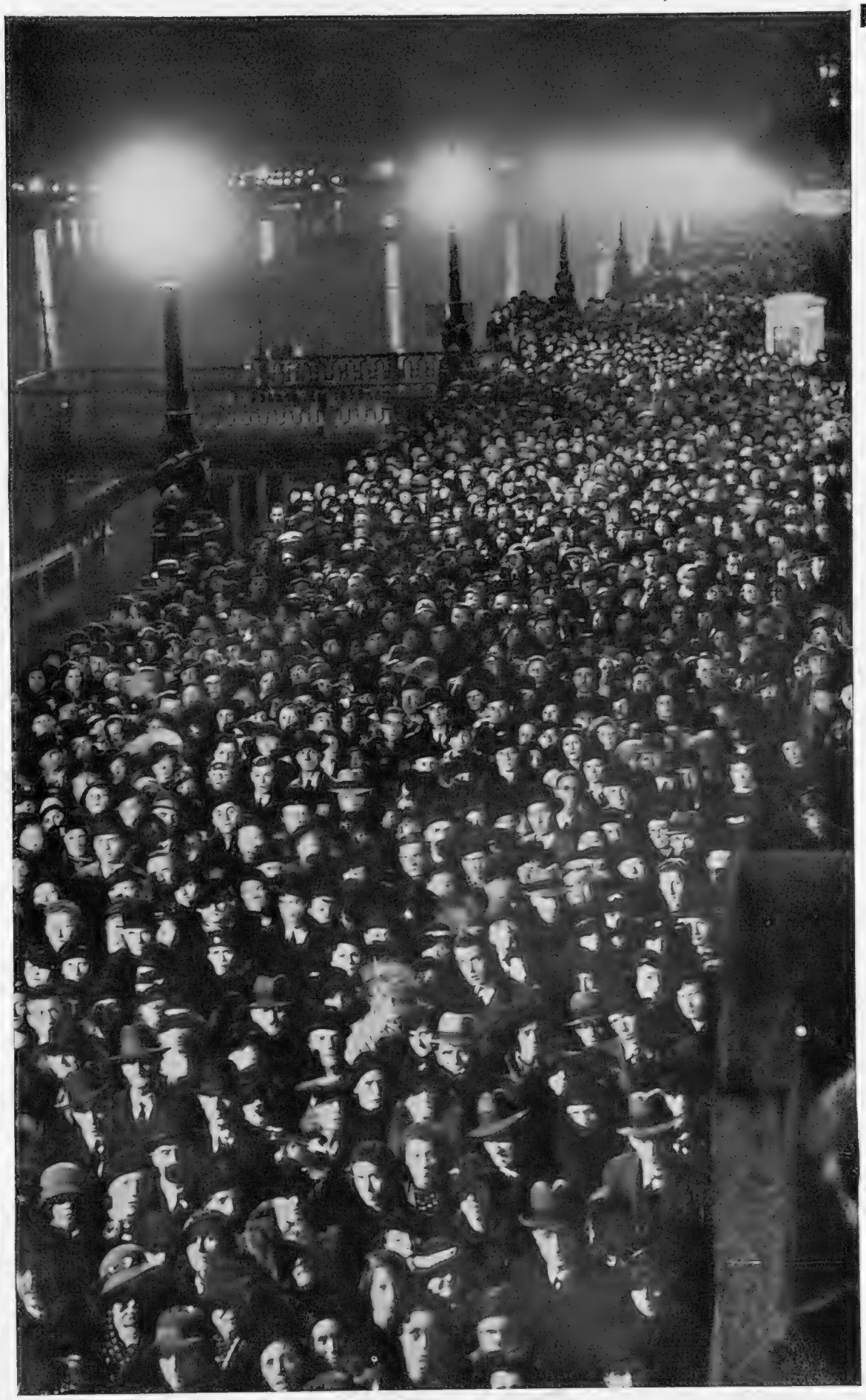
ON THE ALBERT EMBANKMENT: Another impression of the waiting thousands, for the most part clad in the deepest mourning, with others walking in the opposite direction in order to join the rear of the queue. At times the police had to allow them to encroach on the road, so great was the throng. *On left*—An aerial view looking towards Westminster Hall from Millbank

AT WESTMINSTER

Queues at the Lying-in-State

mourners nearing the entrance to Westminster Hall, coffin of the dead King. At this time they were about and Millbank to Vauxhall Bridge, a mile distant from from 3 a.m. to a little after midnight on Saturday the time they endured a discomforting blend of rain and fog

LOOKING THEIR LAST ON THEIR BELOVED SOVEREIGN: The scene within the Hall as the people moved through, three abreast, walking slowly but never lingering except when the policemen halted them in order to allow of the relieving of the guards



10 P.M., SUNDAY, JANUARY 26: The queue, swollen to twice the size it was on the previous Friday and Saturday, and stretching not only across Vauxhall Bridge but doubling back along the Albert Embankment past St. Thomas's Hospital to Westminster Bridge. In order not to disappoint them Westminster Hall was kept open into the early hours, and it was later announced that from 8 a.m. on Sunday until 3.40 a.m. on Monday 306,685 had paid homage, thus at that juncture bringing the grand total since the lying-in-state began to well over half a million

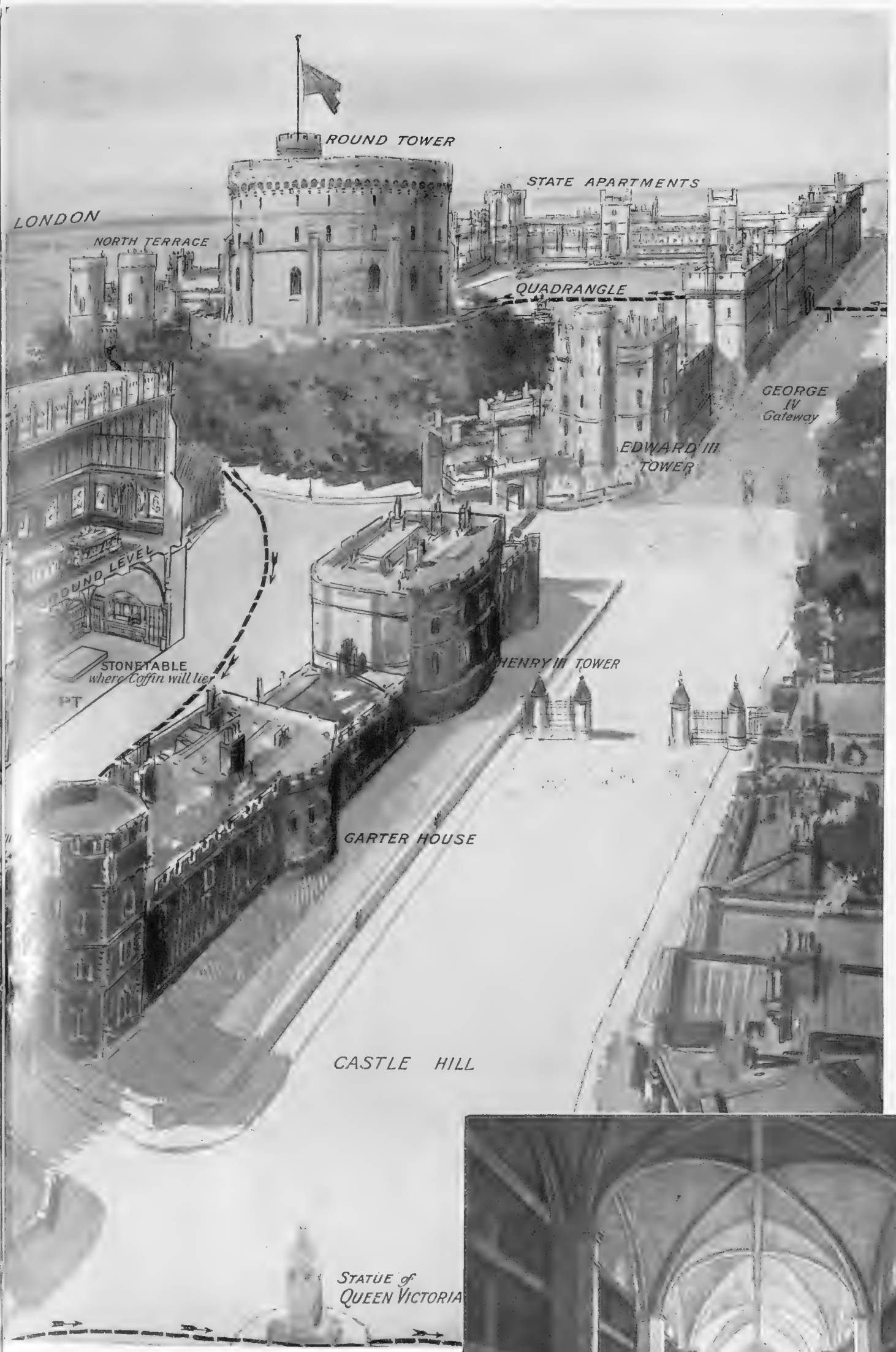
ON VAUXHALL BRIDGE: The scene on Saturday afternoon when the queue began to grow at an ever increasing rate, as the week-end cessation of business had released a great many workers. The company was as widely assorted as the population of London itself, except that not many of the very poorest were among them, possibly lacking their fares

In the above diagram a "Sphere" artist has depicted the last sad phase in the funeral of King George, showing the track of the Royal train through Slough and the route followed by the procession on its way to Windsor Castle, first ascending the hill, then passing the Queen Victoria statue ; afterwards entering the quadrangle by a circuitous way, and finally halting at the foot of the steps of the historic Chapel where the service was conducted on Tuesday afternoon by the Archbishop of Canterbury in the presence of Monarchs and Heads of States from all parts of Europe. As Mr. Arthur Bryant, the historian, has said : "It is not given to kings to share in life the everyday lot of common humanity, nor is it in death. Their burial places are set apart, and even in the grave it is their proud fate to continue to bind and inspire their people and their people's children." St. George's Chapel ranks next to Westminster Abbey as a Royal mausoleum (even though no ruler was buried there before Edward IV), for in the fifteenth century the Tudors made it the glorious place it is to-day, the inspiration of poets and a national shrine. One of the greatest sovereigns laid to rest there was Henry VIII, who directed that his body should be placed beside that of Jane Seymour in a magnificent bronze and marble tomb, but no trace of that now remains as the metal-work was in all probability melted down by the iconoclasts of the Commonwealth. Charles the Martyr, too, was buried there ; but he came, not as the beloved George V, but in obscurity and silence, unmourned by all but the faithful few who only a short while before had watched in dread silence his death at the hands of an executioner in Whitehall.

GOAL of the LAST JOURNEY

□

St. George's Chapel, Windsor, Where So Many of the Sovereigns of England Sleep Their Long Sleep



Below — IN THE TOMB CHAMBER : The vast vault into which the body of King George was lowered after the service in the chapel

The chapel which is one of the finest existing examples of the late Perpendicular style, has in the post-war years undergone extensive restoration, so that now architects declare it will endure for centuries. The reconstruction of the choir vaulting was completed in 1927, and that of the nave in 1930, while at the same time the fourteen "king's beasts" on the pinnacles, which had been removed by Sir Christopher Wren in 1682 when he strengthened the roof, were also restored. St. George's is what is known as "a Royal peculiar," the dean and chapter not being subject to the jurisdiction of the bishop or (except as a "visitor") the Archbishop. Since the reign of Victoria, Frogmore, near Windsor, has also been a Royal place of burial.

ST. GEORGE'S CHAPEL, WINDSOR: The scene of last Tuesday's funeral service; an architectural gem in the late Perpendicular style

The VALHALLA of the HOUSE OF WINDSOR

"And easy lies the head which wore a crown,
And This, which was a King, is simple clay."

IT is but fitting that George V., who ordained that the Royal House should be the House of Windsor, should himself have been laid to rest at Windsor. Yet Windsor was a Royal stronghold in remote times, a part of English history, since, it is said, King Harold II protected the chalk promontory above the Thames by a wooden fortification and William the Conqueror erected a more permanent fortress.

There still remain faint traces (in the Dean's cloister) of a chapel erected by Henry III and dedicated to Edward the Confessor, a chapel pulled down by Edward III to give place to one of his own making, for the use of the noble order which he founded—the Knights of the Garter. The Patron Saint of the new order was St. George, and that was how St. George's Chapel, Windsor, came into being, "a royal chapel, founded by royal authority for the use of the royal family and household within the Castle walls."

This, again, was not the superb St. George's Chapel which we know to-day. During the Wars of the Roses it fell into sad decay, and Edward IV rebuilt it—tradition says to expiate his sins—and Tudor successors added to its glories until it achieved the stately loveliness that makes it a delicate poem in stone.

With Westminster St. George's shares a curious ecclesiastical independence; both lie outside the power and jurisdiction of any archbishops or bishops. In the Middle Ages only the Dean could administer treaty oaths, and if the Archbishop of Canterbury happened to be present at such ceremonies, he was present only as a visitor. With Westminster Abbey St. George's shares also an infinitely greater and more solemn honour as the burial place of the Kings and Queens of England. Westminster holds pride of place in antiquity and perhaps justly; for the description of Westminster as the Empire's parish church as distinct from St. George's, which is Royalty's private chapel, is an apt one if not wholly correct in detail.

At Westminster lie eighteen British monarchs, including Queen Elizabeth, Charles II, and, the last to be buried there, George II. There was, however, no sudden break with custom, no definite decision to substitute one Valhalla for another. With the matter of Royal burials custom in the past centuries had very little to do and chance and circumstances everything. There are Plantagenet kings at Fontevrault; George I rests in Germany, far from the England of whose language he could hardly speak a word: King John, an evil king, lies in the odour of sanctity afforded by Worcester Cathedral.

One of the first Kings of England to be buried at Windsor was Edward IV, who had himself made the choice of the chapel of his own building. Elizabeth Woodville, his queen, lies beside him; it was, too, her expressed wish, for she wrote "I bequeathe my body to be buried with the bodie of my lorde at Windesoure, according to the will of my saide Lorde and myne." One can see their tomb to-day to the north of the choir. It is of plain black marble. Above it is the chantry chapel, long ago converted into a royal pew, and from this pew Queen Victoria watched in 1863 the marriage of the Prince of Wales (Edward VII) and the beautiful Princess Alexandra of Denmark.

That tragic figure Henry VI, was buried at St. George's little more than a year after Edward IV. He had originally been buried at Chertsey Abbey, immediately after his murder, but stories of miracles performed at his tomb there caused his removal, and he lies on the opposite side of the High Altar to his great rival Edward. Yet it is not an inappropriate spot, for the tomb may be said to be almost in the shadow of that mighty monument to his piety, Eton College, which he founded.

Much has been heard, and much will be heard, of the Albert Memorial Chapel. Let us for a moment consider its position and also its present name, which is somewhat misleading.

St. George's Chapel and the Albert Memorial Chapel are two adjoining chapels, yet structurally one, the latter having the same relation to the main chapel as Henry VII's chapel has to Westminster Abbey. Indeed, it was Henry VII who caused it to be built, to contain the tombs of Tudor Kings. It was, of course, given the name by which it is now known by Queen Victoria, who took every possible step to see that the memory of the husband she so deeply mourned should be widely established, though, in fact, Prince Albert is not buried in the chapel. Henry VII preferred burial at Westminster, and the then new (and, indeed, uncompleted) chapel was presented by Henry VIII to Cardinal Wolsey, then at the height of his power. With characteristic love of pomp, Wolsey prepared for himself a marble sarcophagus of remarkable magnificence, which his body was not destined to occupy, since he fell from favour and was interred more humbly, if no less effectively, at Leicester. The sarcophagus remained in the chapel, however, until the construction of a vault beneath, in 1805, when it was removed and, three years later, taken to St. Paul's Cathedral to receive the ashes of Nelson. It can now be seen, reconstructed, in the crypt of St. Paul's.

Henry VIII rests in a vault beneath the choir; Jane Seymour, who was possibly fortunate in that she did not live to risk her husband's fickleness or displeasure, is in the vault with him. By one of the strangest of coincidences, Charles I, quite by chance, came to share the same vault.

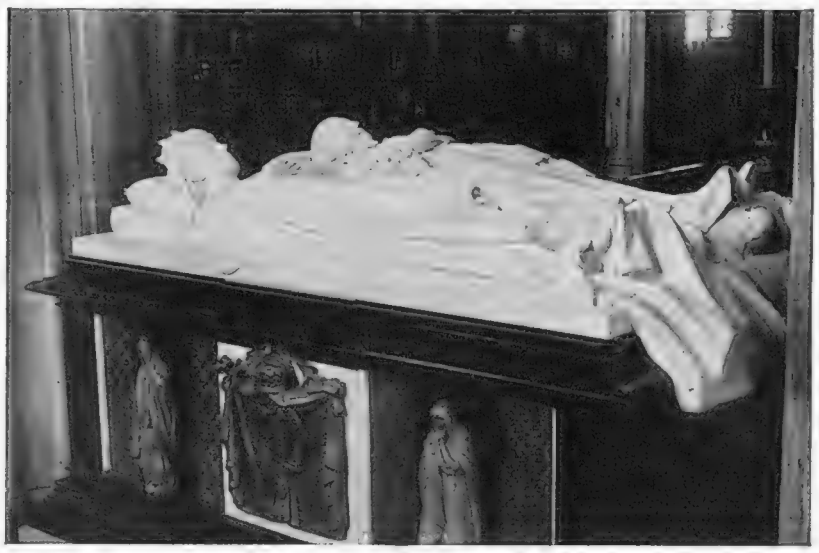
George III, who loved Windsor, was buried in the vault he had ordered, as also were George IV; William IV; Princess Amelia (died 1810); Princess Charlotte of Wales (died 1817); the Duke of Albany (died 1884); the Duke of Clarence (died 1892); Princess Christian (died 1923) and Queen Mary's brother the Marquess of Cambridge (died 1927).

Queen Victoria and the Prince Consort rest, of course, a short distance away in the Mausoleum at Frogmore, which she built immediately after the death of her husband.

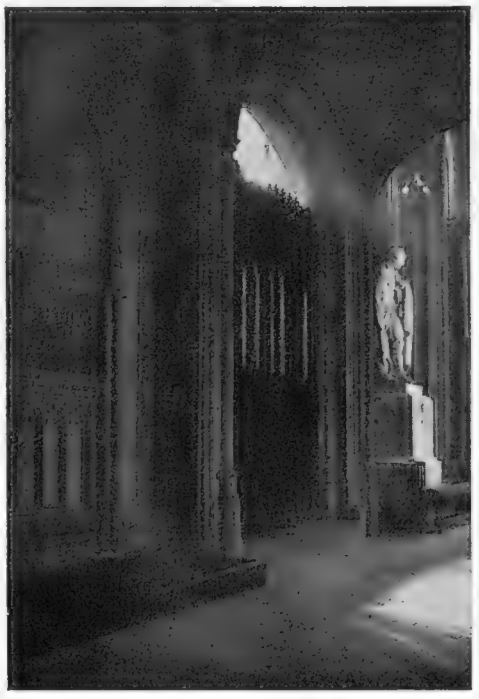
The good Queen spent over £200,000 on the Mausoleum. But she was almost equally lavish in renovating and adorning the Albert Memorial Chapel above the Royal Tomb House. Not until 1874 was the work completed. The chapel is small, and except that the effigies tend to overcrowd it by their considerable size, extremely beautiful.

It was in the Albert Memorial Chapel that the Funeral Service of Queen Alexandra took place, for St. George's Chapel was at the time (1925) in the hands of the builders. Her Majesty's coffin rested before the altar there for two years, and was then placed in the tomb, designed by Sir Bertram Mackennal, R.A., in the choir of St. George's Chapel, to the right of the High Altar, that of King Edward VII, brought from the vault beneath the Albert Chapel, being placed beside it.

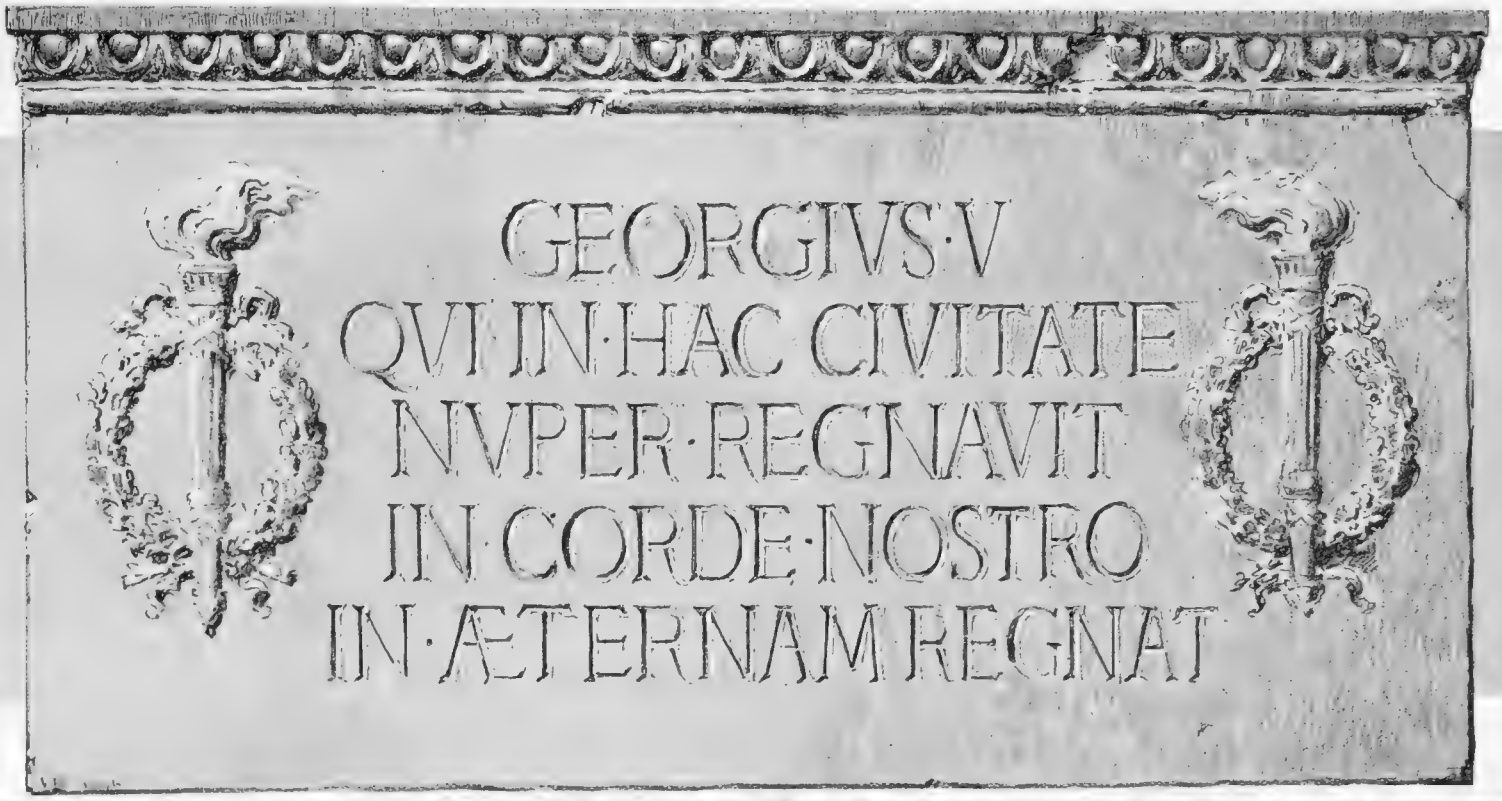
Philip Page



THE TOMB OF KING EDWARD VII AND QUEEN ALEXANDRA: A monument in St. George's Chapel, designed by the great sculptor, Sir Bertram Mackennal



TWO MONARCHS COMMEMORATED: *Left*—A black marble slab on the wall of St. George's Chapel in memory of Edward IV, and *right*—the tomb of Henry VI in the south aisle



GEORGE V PASSES THROUGH HIS CAPITAL FOR THE LAST TIME

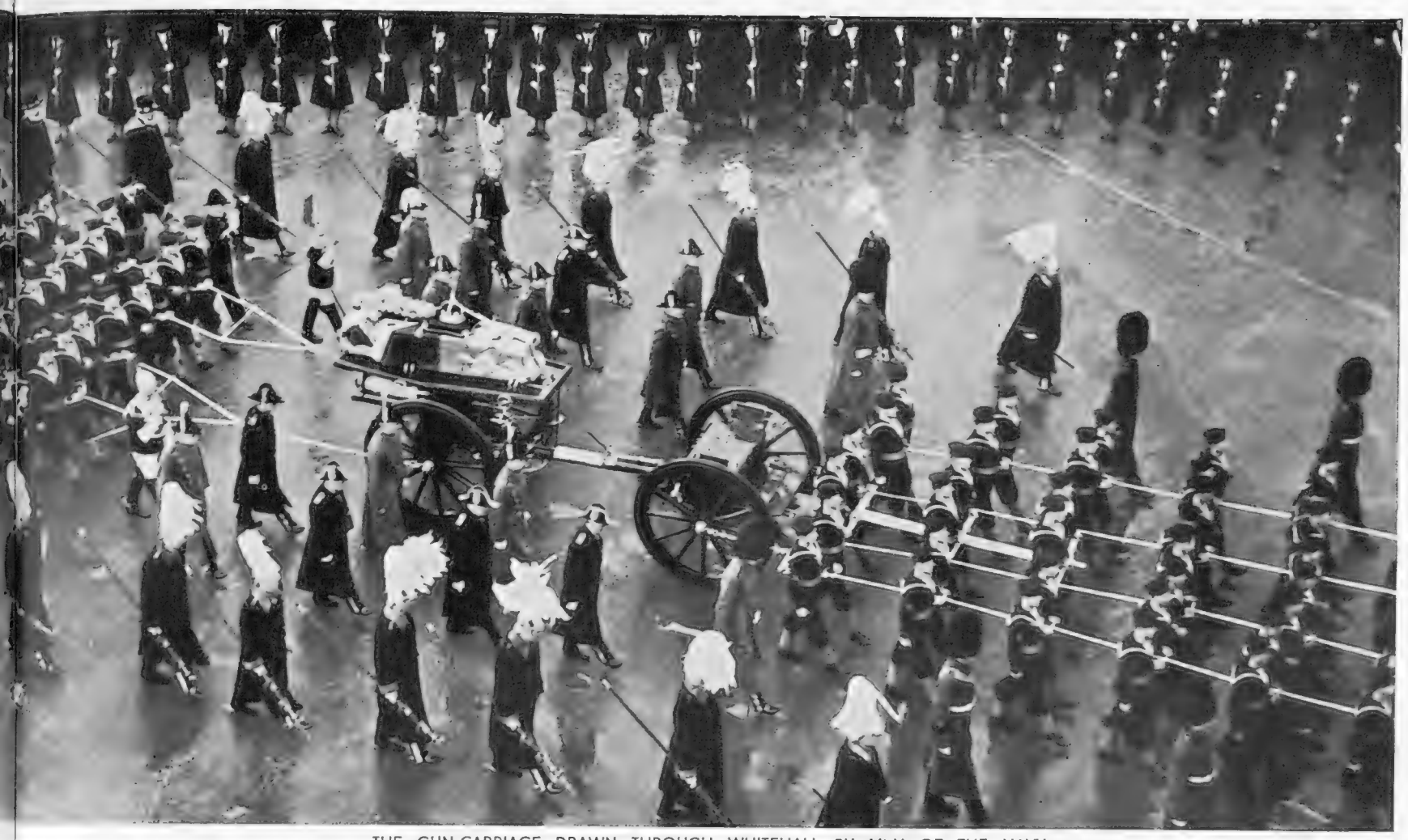
At eleven o'clock on Monday night the crowds had already begun to gather outside Westminster Hall; all through the early hours they came, and when a pitiless dawn broke over the Metropolis, Parliament Square was thronged by thousands, dauntlessly defying the rain that they might see their dead sovereign pass on his way to the burial place at Windsor. In this dramatic picture the Naval gun crew flanked by a Bearer Party of the Grenadier Guards, is seen drawing the gun carriage towards Whitehall while high above their heads Big Ben was tolling, its sad notes ringing out across the City.

George V, who lately reigned in this city, now reigns in our hearts forever—Latin heading

THE COFFIN BORNE FROM THE PALACE OF WESTMINSTER

As the Kings and Princes who had come to do homage stood beside the awning, the body of King George was brought from his most ancient palace to the waiting gun-carriage manned by its Naval crew. The coffin was still draped by the Royal Standard—the same that had covered it in the parish church of Sandringham when it rested there last week—and surmounted majestically by the Imperial crown

THE PAGEANTRY OF MOURNING



THE GUN-CARRIAGE DRAWN THROUGH WHITEHALL BY MEN OF THE NAVY

A murmuring sigh went up from the crowd as the coffin emerged from Parliament Square, women wept openly, and men could scarcely restrain their emotion. When the procession approached the Cenotaph the new King braced himself, and then with dignity and calmness faced the monument and saluted the Empire's dead. In this picture a bearer party of Guards is seen beside the gun crew, while keeping pace beside them are the Gentlemen-at-Arms, in their striking white plumes, and the Yeomen of the Guard

When the thunder of the first gun of salute echoed over Whitehall the great mile-long procession moved forward, and even the mourning clothes of the crowds and the sorrow of the occasion could not rob this cavalcade of its pageantry and colour

THROUGH THE HEART OF THE WEST END

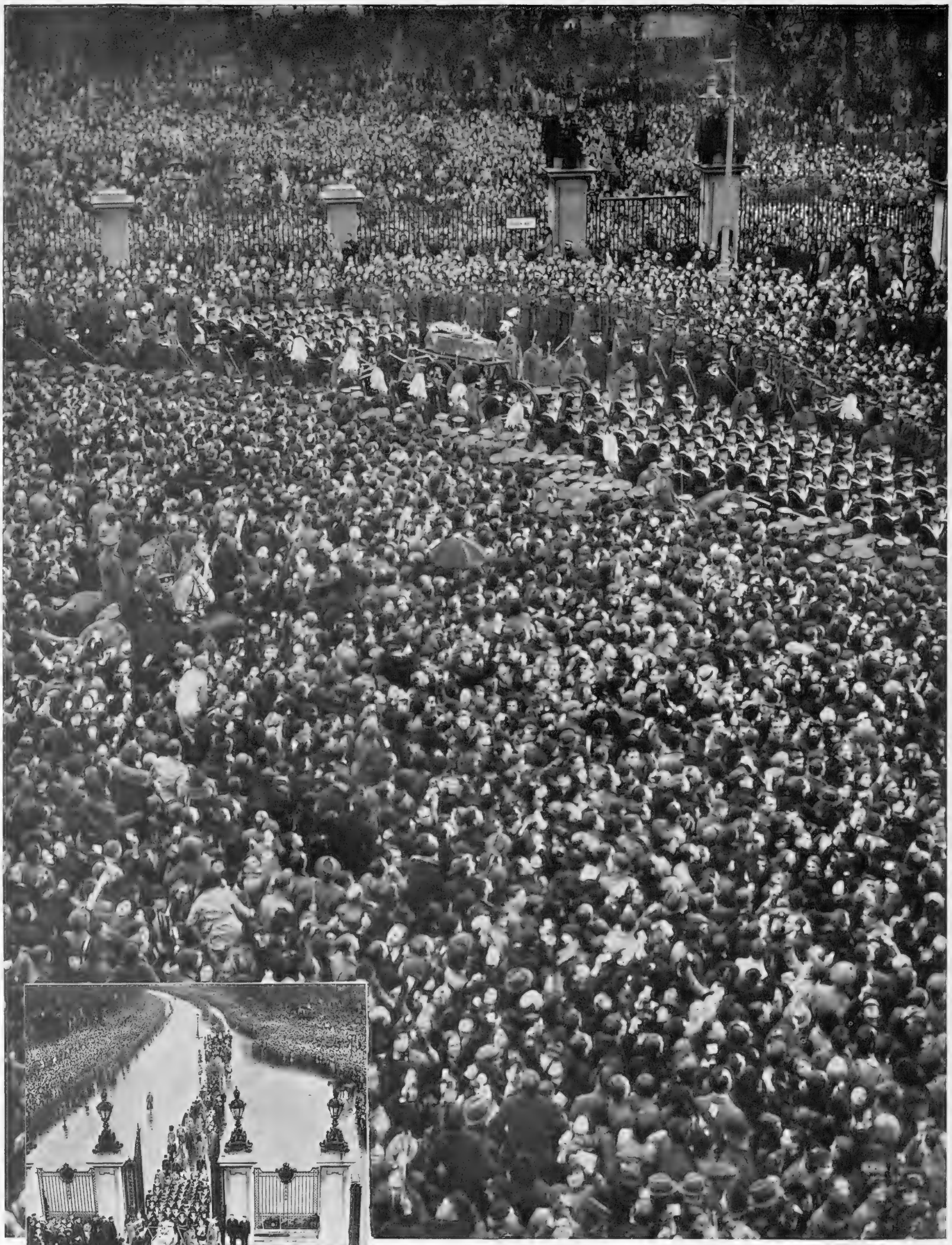
In Piccadilly the the funeral route, and as King Edward, the followed behind the another ordeal in placed such a strain

crowds were as great as elsewhere on the scene was impressive to a degree Dukes of York, Gloucester, and Kent gun carriage, manfully facing yet these days of mourning which have upon their powers of endurance

KING EDWARD AND HIS THREE BROTHERS: His Majesty with the Dukes of York, Gloucester, and Kent. On the night before the funeral they took part in the greatest of all their acts of homage, standing guard in Westminster Hall as the Lying-in-State was nearing its close

KINGS AND PRINCES WHO DID HONOUR TO BRITAIN'S SOVEREIGN: King Leopold III of Belgium; Tsar Boris of Bulgaria; Crown Prince Umberto of Italy; Prince Paul of Yugoslavia; Crown Prince Gustav Adolf of Sweden; Crown Prince Paul of Greece; the Emir Zeid, uncle of the King of Irak; and Prince Farouk of Egypt following behind the chief mourners

OUTSIDE WESTMINSTER HALL: Another distinguished group in the great procession—left to right—The Earl of Harewood; King Haakon of Norway and his son Prince Olaf; the Earl of Athlone (brother of Queen Mary); King Carol of Rumania; King Christian of Denmark; President Lebrun; King Leopold; Tsar Boris; Crown Prince Umberto; Prince Paul of Yugoslavia, and Crown Prince Gustav Adolf



LEAVING THE WEST END: The procession passing through the great throng at Marble Arch where, all through Monday night, the multitude had swelled hour by hour—many having taken up their positions immediately after leaving the lying in state at Westminster and where at 9.40 a.m. the police cordon was broken and the road overrun. *Inset on left*—The scene at the gates of Hyde Park

THE MOURNING MULTITUDE AT MARBLE ARCH

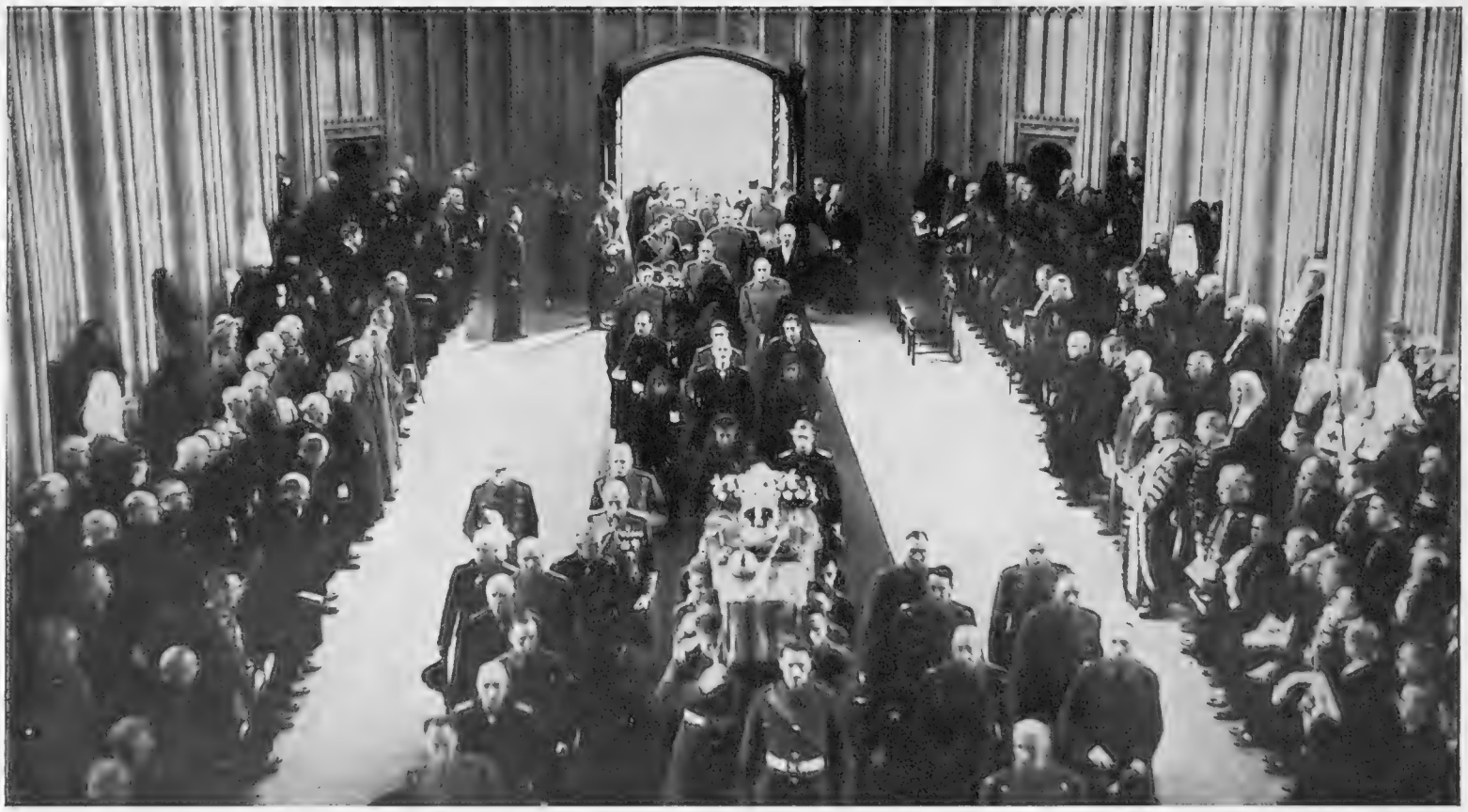
Where the Crowds were at Their Greatest

WITHIN THE WALLS OF HISTORIC WINDSOR CASTLE: The funeral, which had been delayed in London by the immense crowds in the neighbourhood of Hyde Park Corner, Marble Arch, and Edgware Road, arrived at Windsor Station some forty minutes late and immediately proceeded up the hill towards the Castle. The gun carriage is pictured here as it rounded the last bend near the Salisbury Tower and was about to draw up before the Chapel steps

THE CROWD DISPERSING AT HYDE PARK CORNER

A dramatic long distance picture, taken from the roof of the Forum Club, showing the immensity of the throng as it began to break up after the gun carriage had passed. Earlier on, so densely packed were the people at Apsley Gate that they over-ran the roadway, thus compelling a detachment of Guards to break formation

OUR FIRST AND LAST THOUGHT—FOR THE WIDOWED QUEEN MARY



THE SOLEMN ENTRY INTO ST. GEORGE'S CHAPEL

The coffin passing down the aisle—still followed by the King, his brothers, and the other Royal mourners—before the start of the simple service conducted by the Archbishop of Canterbury

SOME OF THE TEN THOUSAND WREATHS ON WINDSOR LAWN

All through Monday night, when people from London came in cars and when country folk from surrounding villages plodded through muddy lanes to the heart of Windsor, the wreaths arrived at the Castle in a never-ending procession. At dawn 10,000 of them stretched like a carpet of colour over the green lawns fringing the chapel buildings, and the rain drenched air was sweet with the scent of lilies and violets

THE LAST RITES IN ST. GEORGE'S

The eight days between King George's passing and his burial were days of mourning and days of dramatic incident that few will forget, but transcending all was the beauty of the funeral service at St. George's, Windsor, a service at once moving in its simplicity and well-nigh overwhelming in the emotion that it called forth. In this illustration, King Edward and King George's Consort are at the head of the bier, while at the altar are the Archbishops of Canterbury and York, and arrayed round the choir are the foreign Kings and Princes with other mourners

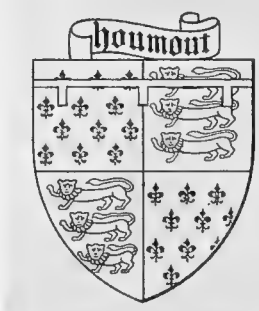
CAVALCADE

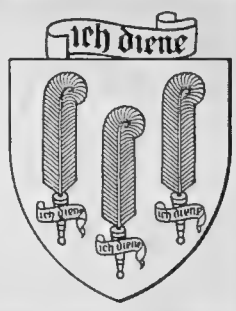
OF A ROYAL CAREER

A Special Section Dealing with the Life Story of Edward VIII from the Year of His Birth to the Year of His Accession

The Badges and Mottoes, Containing the Feathers Device, Employed by the Princes of Wales During the Past Six Centuries

AT THE TIME OF EDWARD III: The feathers incorporated in a seal used by the monarch. The earliest record of their use





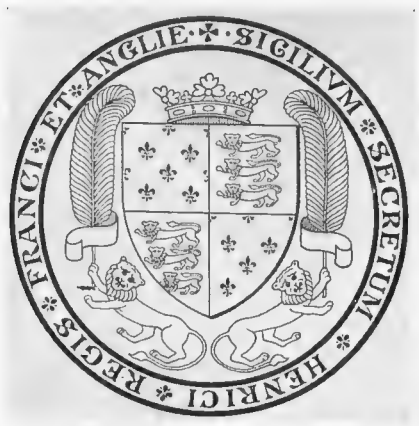
ON THE TOMB OF THE BLACK PRINCE: The famous device incorporated in two shields bearing the mottoes "HOUMOUT" (magnanimous or high spirited) and "ICH DIENE" (I serve). Tradition, of course ascribes the origin of the feathers to John of Luxemburg, the Bohemian King, who fell at the hands of the Black Prince

FURTHER EVIDENCE OF THE EARLY USE OF THE FEATHERS which are shown here on a seal belonging to the Black Prince

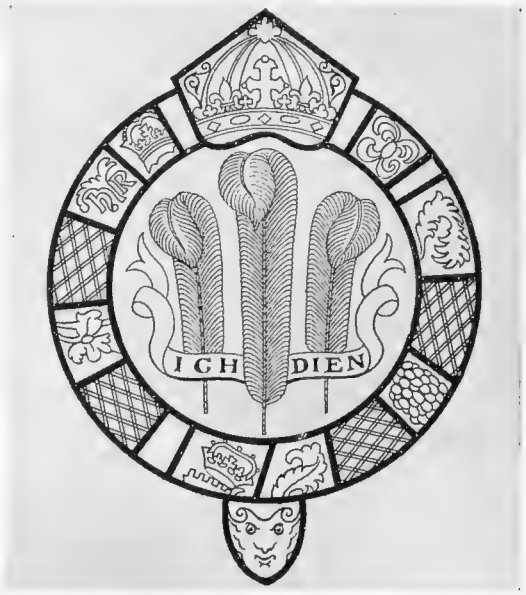
A BOSS IN CANTERBURY CATHEDRAL referring to the title of King of Castile borne by John of Gaunt, brother of the Black Prince, and bearing upon it the two ostrich feathers

A SEAL OF EDWARD IV with the feathers surmounting his arms

WHEN HENRY IV EMPLOYED THE FEATHERS: His arms incorporating the famous device and quartered with those of his wife Mary Bohun, and Edward the Confessor



A SECRETION ATTACHED TO THE WILL OF HENRY IV: How the King used the feathers device after his accession in the year 1399



IN NOVEL AND PICTURESQUE FORM: The feathers which were borne by Arthur, Prince of Wales, son of Henry VII, as they occur in a stained glass window in the porter's lodge at the Tower of London

BEFORE AND AFTER HIS ACCESSION: The device as it was invariably used by Harry of Monmouth (Henry V) the great soldier and religious zealot

"HEB DDUW, HEB DDIM; DUW A DIGON"

"Without God, Without Anything; God is Enough"

It was with these words that Edward VIII concluded his speech to the people of the Principality after his investiture as Prince of Wales in July 1911—an occasion of brilliant ceremonial scarcely less elaborate than that of the coronation of his father and mother a short while before. In the above view he is seen, as he showed himself to the cheering throng beneath the battlements of Carnarvon Castle, standing near the historic spot where the first Prince of Wales had, as a new born child, been presented to the burghers

THE INVESTITURE OF EDWARD, PRINCE OF WALES

Edward VIII, then a youth of seventeen years of age, is pictured here wearing the robes in which on July 13, 1911, he was invested as Prince of Wales. The ceremony took place in historic Carnarvon Castle and the sincere manner in which the youthful Prince delivered his speech and his Royal bearing were an earnest of the brilliant part he was to play in the life of the nation

KING GEORGE'S SON AS KNIGHT OF THE GARTER

This picture of the new King dates from much the same period as that reproduced on the left, as it was in the year of his investiture as Prince of Wales that he was also invested with the Garter. At that time he had finished his training at the Royal Naval College, Dartmouth, and was about to join H.M.S. *Hindustan* for three months' service prior to going to Oxford

A King in the Making

Edward, Prince of Wales, as I Knew Him

SOME REMINISCENCES BY PHILIP PAGE

IN THE UNIFORM OF THE WELSH GUARDS: A regiment of which His Majesty became Colonel in 1919

MORE tangible by far than the "divinity which doth hedge a King" is the education which doth prepare a Prince. In any estimate of Edward VIII an essential consideration must be those years of schooling, both as a child and as an adult, for the role of kingship.

For in that very schooling another, and only one degree less important, role was played. It was no period of mere rehearsal, not inspected by the public. Ordinary youths are allowed, and even expected, to make mistakes, and little note is taken of them; they are almost part of the curriculum itself. An heir to a throne has the limelight focused on him as soon as he can walk and talk. His time of preparation is also a time of reality; his training is not a mere preliminary but part and parcel of his career itself.

We should, therefore, clear from our minds the fallacy which has been only too often repeated in print that King Edward "was brought up just as any other boy from a comfortable English home." Nothing of the sort. How could that possibly have been? In the sense that wise and successful efforts were made to ensure that the young Prince was not unnecessarily accorded privileges and pampering, was not set apart in some mystic remoteness as if he were a future Emperor of China of the old regime, it is true that his education was carried out on democratic lines—in a broad and vague sense. His parents, sensible in themselves, had also learned a lesson from the errors made in the early education of Edward VII, a well-intentioned but preposterous ordeal which only a man with the strength of personality possessed by that shrewd monarch could have survived so triumphantly.

But democracy both in prince-ship and in king-ship must inevitably be a matter of general lines rather than of detail, of theory rather than practice.

HIS FAVOURITE HOME: King Edward's private apartments at York House, St. James', where he has lived so long

And so when the young Prince went to Osborne as a naval cadet, it was as a Royal cadet, though the "roughing it" may have been real enough even if stories of boyish fights, of black eyes given and taken, may or may not have been apocryphal. At Magdalen College, Oxford, he was an undergraduate and, unlike his grandfather (who was lodged in a private house and kept apart, by order of the Prince Consort, from the common herd) had a set of rooms in college. He was nicknamed "the Pragger Wagger," rode to lectures on a bicycle, and took part in social and athletic activities just as if he were one of his less distinguished contemporaries.

The war came, and he was given a commission in the Grenadier Guards, landing in France in November 1914 and spending as much time as possible with his regiment. It was during those early days of the war that he came nearer to leading the life of an ordinary man, of Lieutenant Jones or Captain Smith, and one can imagine what the experience meant to him. "Then," he said a few years later, "I found my manhood." He found it under fire—"I have plenty of brothers," he is alleged to have remarked when staff officers, finding the heir to the throne in danger, clucked anxiously like hens watching their broods.

SEVENTEEN YEARS AGO: A studio portrait of King Edward taken in Washington during his visit to the United States in 1919 after the war

Yet that congenial existence inevitably had to be short. After all, he was not an ordinary regimental officer; he was the Prince of Wales. But he had the gift of making friendships, of talking to hum-drum folk in a way that put them at their ease.

Moreover, he was becoming more at his ease himself. He had been a shy, a desperately shy, even—let us not blink the facts—an awkward youth. With the Armistice he was beginning to be a self-possessed young man, and a remarkably charming one. That charm blossomed like a flower, its outward and visible sign an irresistible smile. The Prince on horseback riding through the London crowds in uniform, slim and graceful; the Prince at non-military functions, raising his hat to reveal that glossy fair hair; the Prince, constantly smiling, not an inane smile but one of cheery understanding, striking an echoing chord among his fellow-men and captivating the women, then it was that we realised to the full what a national asset was here. Some newspaper dubbed him "Our young man." The label smacked a little of vulgarity, but it was apt and for some years it stuck.

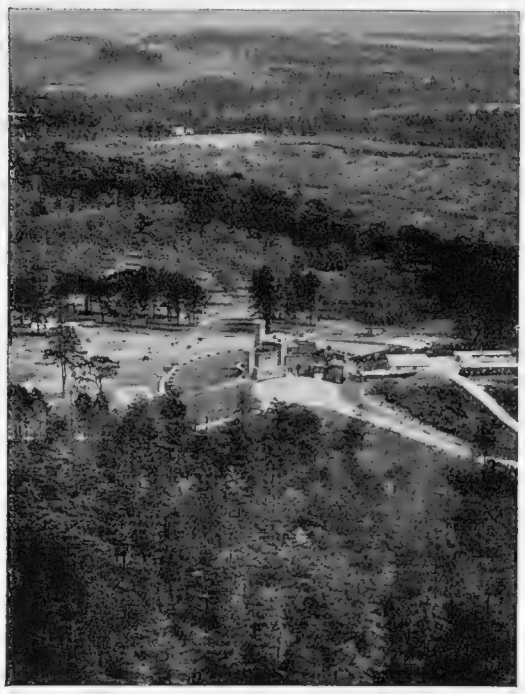
Full use was made of that asset and the Prince's public labours, and his travels, began. The long tours not only were of inestimable service to the nation; they broadened his outlook, added to his reputation as a man wise beyond his years and also to his popularity, already immense.

In 1919 he was in Canada and crossed the border to visit Washington and New York, where he received the freedom of the city, the adulation of the multitude, and ecstatic tribute from the "socialites." Australia and New Zealand were in the next year's programme, and he narrowly escaped death in a railway accident. In 1921 he was in India, proceeding thence to Japan. Canada saw him again in 1923, when he spent some time at his own "E.P." ranch near Calgary.

The Prince was big game shooting in Africa when his father fell seriously ill in 1928; he returned at once, covering nearly 7,000 miles in less than a fortnight. On the King's recovery he sailed again for Africa. Not long afterwards he visited South America in order to benefit British interests at the Buenos Aires Exhibition, with characteristic tact and assiduity learning Spanish.

Life in the home country was not, of course, neglected, and it was a strenuous life, strenuous in work as in play. By this time the Prince's powers as an orator were firmly established. His speeches are obviously his own speeches; when facts are given him they are marshalled by himself and delivered in his own phraseology. Material with which, in the nature of things, he has to be supplied is revised personally. He prefers to speak with a minimum of notes, and usually can be relied upon to add a touch of humour which is all his own. His voice, though it has not as yet the superb paternal dignity of that of King George, whose voice will go down to posterity as that of one of the finest speakers of all time, is pleasant and resonant.

King Edward is above all things, human. In view of the spate of well-meant eulogies which attempt to portray him as a super-man, the platitude may be excused. He can show a vast capacity for work, and can, when he pleases, get on well with anybody in any class of life; his relations with the leaders of the Labour party and with such of the humblest toilers as he has met have always been most happy, and his real sympathy with distress has made his many visits to depressed industrial areas (which in some cases it required no small degree of courage to undertake) conspicuously successful.



COUNTRY RETREAT: Fort Belvedere, which is situated near Virginia Water and about seven miles from Windsor, where the King frequently goes at week-ends. The place belongs to the Crown and dates from the time of George II. It was greatly enlarged by George V

He does not care for serious music and does not pretend to; but he likes "jazz" and is a good dancer. He is fond of the theatre, though not the Drama with a big D.

A thorough sportsman, he does not shine pre-eminently at any one branch of sport and, in the circumstances, could hardly be expected to. He is a plucky rather than a brilliant rider. Much nonsense, and nonsense in bad taste at that, was at one time talked particularly in America, about his alleged frequent falls from his horse; it should be borne in mind that each fall, in virtue of his rank, was meticulously made much of and chronicled. His golf handicap is 12, and that, considering the "gallery" which so frequently dogs him when he is playing, is not at all bad.

BUCKINGHAM PALACE FROM THE CLOUDS: Where Edward VIII will eventually reside but not, it is rumoured, until shortly before or after the Coronation

He likes gardening, he is ultra-modern rather than unconventional in his dress; a soft shirt with a dinner jacket is his preference at nights; he is in many ways as different from his father as it is possible for one man to differ from another.

But not in sense of duty. King George, that well-loved, that conscientious, that truly great monarch, was in some senses, including the best sense, not Neo-Georgian or even Edwardian, but Victorian. Edward VIII is—we shall know the word well soon—Neo-Edwardian. He is the Sovereign of the England of the future—of, please God, a mighty future.

And he will not fail us.

QUEEN VICTORIA and EDWARD VIII

When the Prince Consort died in 1861, forty years before his wife, the Queen suffered a well-nigh over-mastering grief and it was not until the closing years of her reign that she appeared once more among her people, an immensely dignified old lady who had found new happiness. For she was surrounded by an adoring family, and not the least of her joys was the young Prince Edward who was born seven years before her passing, and left her happy in the knowledge that for many a year to come the succession was secured

THE EIGHT EDWARDS WHO HAVE COME TO THE THRONE

A Portrait Gallery of the Great

"THE HAMMER OF THE SCOTS": Edward I, the elder son of Henry III, who reigned for thirty-three years and was laid to rest in Westminster Abbey

THE FIRST PRINCE OF WALES who afterwards came to the throne as Edward II, and carried on his father's bellicose Scottish policy. *(Murdered 1327)*

FIFTY YEARS OF KINGSHIP: Edward III, the father of the Black Prince, whose reign was one of the longest in British history. He died in June, 1377

THE FIRST OF THE PLANTAGENETS: Edward IV, a distant kinsman of the Edwards who preceded him, who had to fight for his throne

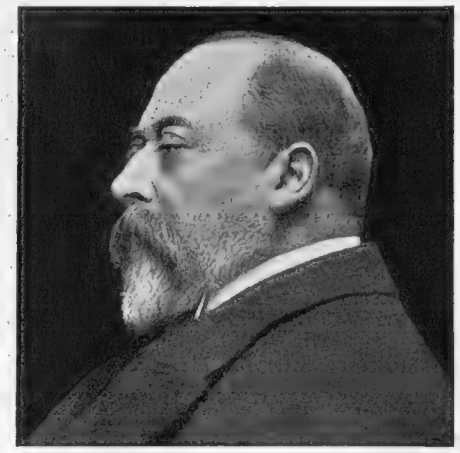
ONE OF THE PRINCES IN THE TOWER: Edward V who reigned less than three months, being murdered with his little brother

THE SCHOLARLY SON OF HENRY VIII: Edward VI, whose mother was Jane Seymour, was born at Hampton Court in Oct. 1537

EDWARD I
1239–1307 (aged 68)
EDWARD II
1284–1327 (aged 43)
EDWARD III
1312–1377 (aged 65)

Lionel, Duke of Clarence
Lady Phillippa Plantagenet, *mar.* Earl of March
4th Earl of March
Lady Ann Mortimer, *mar.* Richard Plantagenet
Richard, Duke of York
EDWARD IV
1442–1483 (aged 41)
EDWARD V
1470–1483 (aged 13)
Margaret, *mar.* James IV of Scotland
JAMES V
MARY
Queen of Scots
JAMES I OF ENGLAND
Princess Elizabeth
Princess Sophia
GEORGE I
GEORGE II
Frederick, Prince of Wales
GEORGE III
Duke of Kent
QUEEN VICTORIA
EDWARD VII
GEORGE V
EDWARD VIII

John of Gaunt, Duke of Lancaster
John de Beaufort, 1st Earl of Somerset
3rd Earl of Somerset
Margaret Beaufort, *mar.* Earl of Richmond
Elizabeth = HENRY VII
HENRY VIII *mar.* Jane Seymour
EDWARD VI
1537–1553 (aged 16)



THE NEW KING'S GRANDFATHER: Edward VII who, owing to the extraordinary length of his mother's reign, did not accede until 1901, when he was sixty years of age

EDWARD VIII: He is now in his forty-second year, and is the first bachelor King of England for many decades

Our Gracious King

Edward VIII—A Pen Portrait

THE life of King George V—to employ that wonderful broadcast phrase which neither we nor history will forget—drew peacefully to its close. With it passed an era, and with the accession of King Edward VIII there began a new era. That is not merely a trite saying. It embodies a profound truth on which with some accuracy we may foretell the future. Out of the past, in matters of history, one may, to some extent, judge what is to come. In the light of the tale of the past two decades we are able to sum up what we may expect of our new King. And we shall see that it is good—a King who in spite of the difficulties of the moment—brings to us an era of great promise.

IN SMILING MOOD: A characteristic study of the new king

Not to labour matters, or to search history too keenly into the past, this country has been greatly served by its monarchs since Victoria ascended the Throne, a girl Queen. And even now, reviewing the sixty-odd years during which she truly wielded the sceptre, can we say whether she was the era or whether she embodied it? We only know, so far, that the Victorian Era will never die.

So let us now praise a famous man—for King Edward was a famous man before, still only a few days since, he came to the Throne. And let us see with just but kind and loyal minds what manner of monarch he is for, if he has need of us, we, indeed, have need of him. Upon him, and almost entirely upon him, may rest not merely the building of a new and better era for us but the building of a happier world for other weary nations. It is not a highfalutin' thing to say that the future of the world may depend upon the character of this one man. It is a fact. And his character is vital.

I remember him first when he was—on I think, his twelfth birthday—playing cricket at Windsor Castle against a young team from Eton. The Etonians were bent on victory. So was he. But wickets were falling fast when he went in to bat. Ruddy, sturdy, he slogged—yes, just slogged—his team to victory.

I remember when he was at Magdalen, Oxford, out with his O.T.C. on manœuvres—thin as a rake but tough as nails, foot-slogging as a private. And even Lord Kitchener couldn't, at the last, stop his going to the war as a real soldier. I recall him, returning from leave, doggedly ploughing the Flanders mud with a push bike.

Now I can picture him again coming, suddenly, up a pass on the Italian front in the snow, with boots which seemed too big for him and an alpine stock which towered over him—blown but vital; 2nd Lieutenant, The Prince of Wales.

That is why, even if the rest of the world deserted him, ex-Servicemen would always be true. As I once heard an officer of the Canadian Higher Command say of him "Those parts of him which ar'n't all gentleman are just real man." That is, I think, knowing the Canadians, real praise.

Once, as Prince of Wales, he said: "I want all ex-Service men in every part of the Empire, and particularly in the Old Country, to remember me as an old comrade in arms, one who wants them always to look upon him as a comrade in spirit."

They too do. And that is the strength of the King. For the young men of the war have become the middle-aged men of to-day.

And here is a curious thing. We think now of the ex-Service man as middle aged. But we still think of King Edward VIII as young. Yet he is now among the "over forties." It may be that his unflagging spirits still flame to us as youthful. But he is a mature man in every sense.

Time passes so quickly we are apt to forget that the war is nearly twenty years behind us. And during those twenty years the King has worked as few men have worked. For twenty years and more in war—and what is called peace—he has worked.

Now, so I think, we come to a new era, an era in which the Empire will be more closely knit. A more democratic and practical era it may be, and yet with a monarchy not diminished in splendour or ceremonial. For it is in the pomp and circumstance of state, that our history is enshrined, and it is upon our splendid past that the new King will build the splendour of our future.

But most we must count on the spirit of the man who is our King. "Fitness in life as I understand it," he once said, "includes more than the power to earn a livelihood."

W. H.-W.

INFANT of DESTINY

The Child who was Destined to Become the Second Monarch of the House of Windsor

LESS THAN SIX MONTHS OLD: One of the earliest portraits of Edward VIII whose birth brought such joy to Queen Victoria. "That I should live to see four generations of my family in the succession to the British throne. . . . Now I am indeed happy" was her delighted exclamation on arrival at White Lodge, Richmond, immediately after the young Prince's advent

THE "SAILOR" PRINCE: A boyhood study of Edward VIII between whom and his grandfather, Edward VII, and his great-grandmother, Queen Victoria, there always existed an unusual bond of affection. The former took charge of the young Prince's upbringing

A STURDY CHILD OF THREE OR FOUR

WITH HIS BROTHER, ALBERT

Two more impressions of Prince Edward taken before the close of the nineteenth century while Victoria was still on the throne

QUEEN MARY AND FOUR OF HER CHILDREN: An early family group taken at York House. Edward, who is not in this picture, was at this time about ten years of age. In 1902, his first year as heir presumptive, he was placed under the tutorship of Mr. H. P. Hansell, and during the succeeding years was prepared for the Navy

A ROYAL TRIO: King Edward (*centre*) with his brother Prince Albert, Duke of York, and his sister the Princess Royal. They have always been particularly devoted, a circumstance in no small measure due to the unity existing between their father and mother

WITH HIS GRANDMOTHER: King

FIRST LESSONS: His Majesty shooting has never been so keen or so preferring, on the

CHILDHOOD AND EARLY YOUTH: Glimpses of the Life of Edward VIII

PRINCE EDWARD OF YORK: Our new King as he appeared at the age of seven. He enjoyed a carefree and normal childhood thanks in a large measure to his grandfather, Edward VII, who had considerable influence upon his life and was determined that, while he should be taught discipline, he should not be subjected to the over-strict upbringing that had fallen to his own lot. He advocated, in fact, a free education, no wit different from that of the sons of other Englishmen; foreseeing that so might be moulded a king who would be a democrat as well as a ruler

Edward driving beside Queen Alexandra

on his father's estate at Balmoral. He brilliant a marksman as King George, whole, more strenuous activities

THE CORONATION VISIT TO IRELAND: King George, Queen Mary, Edward VIII, and the Princess Royal, about to land at Kingstown (Dunlaoghaire) in July 1911, prior to receiving a tremendous ovation along the processional route to Dublin

Early Days With THE SERVICES

King Edward's Training as a Naval and Army Officer

AS A CADET AT OSBORNE: King Edward, unlike his father, was in direct succession to the throne from the day of his birth and thus had no prospect of an extended career in one of the services. He spent some time at the Naval College, however, where, and at the express wish of his parents, he was treated in the same way as any other cadet and was subject to the same discipline. On the college books he was entered as "Edward of Wales" or, sometimes more briefly as "E of W." In the summer he had to rise at 6.30 for an early morning swim and, in common with his colleagues, had to scramble for his rations. In fact every possible step was taken to prevent his being in any way favoured and it is actually recorded that when an epidemic of measles broke out and the young Prince fell a victim, his mother refrained from visiting him

ON MANŒUVRES WITH THE OXFORD UNIVERSITY TRAINING CORPS: His Majesty and fellow members of the O.T.C. during his residence at Magdalen in 1912. His days as an undergraduate were cut short in 1914 when he immediately joined up

"CADET EDWARD OF WALES": His Majesty on board H.M.S. *Hindustan* in which he saw service for three months after passing out of Dartmouth (where he went from Osborne) a promising young officer well grounded in engineering, practical mechanics and navigation. It was in this year (1911) that he went to Carnarvon Castle to be made Prince of Wales, being the first of the nineteen holders of the title to be invested there

BETWEEN THE TWENTIES AND THIRTIES

His Majesty as a Young Man

HIS MAJESTY WITH NOTED MEN OF HIS TIME: King Edward, who was then twenty-five years of age, pictured outside the House of Commons after a luncheon given in the summer of 1919 to members of the crew of the American warship N.C. 4. Also in the group are the late Marquess of Reading (then an Earl) and Admiral Wemyss, one of the outstanding naval commanders of his time

CHURCH PARADE: King Edward VIII walking with his father, King George, after attending service at the Guards' Chapel on a Sunday in the autumn of 1922

THE FAMOUS SMILE CAUGHT BY THE CAMERA: A picture taken on the Canadian Tour of 1919 and reproduced in papers in all parts of the world. During the two and a half months he was in the Dominion the Royal traveller paid visits to fifty different towns between St. John's and Vancouver

AS A LEADER OF FASHION: The King's taste in clothes has been followed to a remarkable extent, and when he first appeared in this coat with the astrakhan collar in 1927 it at once had an immense vogue

KING EDWARD'S LIFE IN BRIEF

A Specially Compiled Chronology from His Birth in 1894 to His Accession in 1936

1894.—Born on June 23rd at White Lodge, Richmond Park, his father and mother being then Duke and Duchess of York. "An heir to the throne, if it so please God, in years to come upon the throne of this Realm," photographed with his great-grandmother, Queen Victoria, his grandfather, Edward, Prince of Wales, and his father, the Duke of York—the first time any sovereign had seen three generations living in direct succession.

1895.—Stayed at Windsor with Queen Victoria, who was very fond of him; his brother, Prince Albert (now Duke of York), born December 14.

1896, 1897, 1898, 1899.—Years of infancy and happy childhood—spent partly at York Cottage, Sandringham and York House, St. James's Palace—his sister Mary was born in 1897.

1900.—Birth of brother—Prince Henry (now Duke of Gloucester) in March. Illness of Queen Victoria at the end of the year.

1901.—Went to Osborne to see Queen Victoria before she died on January 22nd. Grandfather proclaimed King as Edward VII. Father and Mother left for Australian Tour on March 15 to open first Parliament of the Commonwealth of Australia. Stayed at Sandringham with brothers and sister under the care of King Edward and Queen Alexandra. Went to Portsmouth on October 31 to welcome parents on their return.

1902.—Education which had been under a governess, Madame Bricka, was now under a tutor, Mr. Hansell, assisted by a French tutor—Coronation of King Edward VII postponed from June, owing to illness, to August.

1903, 1904, 1905, 1906.—Education under care of tutor.

1907.—Started Naval career as cadet at Osborne having passed the examination well.

1908.—Father, the Prince of Wales, went to Canada for Tercentenary Celebrations at Quebec. Remained a cadet at Osborne.

1909.—In July had the duty of showing the Czar (then staying with King Edward) round the Naval College at Osborne. Went to Dartmouth to continue Naval training. Became Whip to the Beagles. Shot his first partridge.

1910.—Attended the funeral of his grandfather, King Edward VII, in uniform of Naval cadet. Proclamation of his father as King George V. Returned to Dartmouth. Witnessed Naval Demonstration at Tor Bay.

1911.—Coronation of King George V—present in Westminster Abbey wearing coronet and red ermine robe. Banquet at the Guildhall. Invested with the Order of the Garter at Windsor. In July his Investiture as Prince of Wales took place in Carnarvon Castle with full ceremonial. Left Dartmouth in March but returned to the Navy for a three months' cruise in H.M.S. *Hindustan*. Saw King George and Queen off on their State tour in India. Settled down at York Cottage, Sandringham, under the charge of Mr. Hansell, his tutor. Spent Christmas with Queen Alexandra in absence of his parents.

1912.—February—Return of King George and Queen Mary. Thanksgiving Service at St. Paul's. March—Received deputation of Welsh Bishops, who presented him with illuminated record of the investiture ceremony at Carnarvon. April—Went to France on first visit to complete his education. Stayed with the Marquis de Breteuil, travelling as Earl of Chester. Visited many parts of France, especially seeing Toulon, the naval base. June—Returned home for eighteenth birthday celebrations at Windsor. King of Spain conferred on him the Order of the Golden Fleece. Returned to France, leaving in August. October—Went to Oxford, as undergraduate, in Magdalen College, where he was treated as an ordinary member.

1913.—Visited Germany (travelling as Earl of Chester) with many in the learning German second year.

A RECENT PORTRAIT BUST: A study of Edward VIII by Francis Doyle-Jones, now in possession of the Hon. Company of Master Mariners

1914.—The Great War. Aug. 10—Joined the Grenadier Guards—anxious to go to the front, but not permitted. Later in year became A.D.C. to Sir John French. Met King George in France in December when the King made a surprise visit to the troops. Witnessed the march past of Belgian troops. Visited the Base Hospitals with the King.

1915.—His twenty-first birthday passed without any celebrations, at his special wish—he, himself, was with the Army in France. King George visited the front again in October—receiving severe injuries through a fall from his horse.

1916.—Promoted Captain. Acted as Liaison Officer—did duty for a time in the trenches. Acted as cicerone to King George when he visited the front. Presented with the Croix de Guerre by the French Government for special services. Spent some months on the Egyptian Front. Paid short visits to England where he inaugurated the Prince of Wales's Fund for relief of relatives of men killed in action—(six million pounds had been subscribed by the end of 1917).

1917.—Attended meeting of Prince of Wales's Committee for the care of soldiers' graves. With the army most of the year, though paying brief visits to England.

1918.—At the Italian Front. Returned home to take seat in House of Lords in February. Made tour of the industrial centres. Visited his Cornish estate. Went to Rome in May, to represent King George, on the third anniversary of the entry of Italy into the War. November—The Armistice. Met the returned prisoners from Germany at Dover. Spent Christmas in Brussels with the troops.

1919.—Spent three weeks at the Headquarters of the Australian troops. Visited the American Army on the Rhine and then the New Zealand Expeditionary Force. Spent some weeks in Cornwall as he was needing rest. Made Bencher of the Middle Temple. Given the Freedom of the City of London on May 29. Promoted Colonel-in-Chief of the 12th Royal Lancers. Made a Freemason. In July he set up his own establishment in York House, St. James's Palace. Had slight attack of influenza. Started for tour in Canada in August in H.M.S. *Renown*.—Visited Newfoundland, St. John, Halifax (Nova Scotia), Quebec, Montreal, Toronto, Ottawa, Winnipeg, Calgary, the Rockies, ending at Vancouver. On his return to Montreal he visited the Niagara Falls and afterwards paid a short visit to Washington and New York.

1920.—Started in March in H.M.S. *Renown* for a long tour in Australia. Visited the Barbados, Panama Canal, California, Hawaiian Islands, Fiji, New Zealand, nearly every city in Australia, where he made so many speeches, and had such a strenuous time that he could only speak in a whisper when he arrived in Tasmania. On his way back he visited Samoa, Honolulu, Mexico, Trinidad, Dominica, Antigua, and the Bermudas. Arrived in England in October. Was present at the burial of the Unknown Warrior in Westminster Abbey in November

1921.—Started for tour in India in October, as representative of King George. Visited Bombay, Poona, Lucknow, Benares. Shot his first tiger in Nepal. Spent Christmas in Calcutta.

1922.—In India visited Burma, Madras, Hyderabad, Delhi, Lahore, Peshawar, the Khyber Pass. On his way home visited Hong Kong and Japan. His sister Mary had been married to Lord Lascelles (now the Earl of Harewood) during his absence.

1923.—Visited Belgium to hand over a war memorial symbolising the brotherhood of the two nations. Marriage of his brother, the Duke of York, in April. Made tour of the West Country, visiting Bath, and various places in Somerset and Dorset. Became President of the proposed British Empire Exhibition. Visited Canada in September and spent some time on his own ranch, which he had purchased, in Alberta.

1924.—Paid a short visit to France. Opened the British Empire Exhibition at Wembley in April. Paid a visit to Rome. Went to the United States of America as guest of President Coolidge.

1925.—Started for tour in South Africa in March. Visited Bathurst—Nigeria—Cape Town—Natal—Transvaal—Rhodesia. Went to the Argentine in August as guest of President Alvear—where he visited many places and saw the rounding up of cattle and a rodeo. By these tours he had obtained personal knowledge of the British Empire, but it had meant a considerable strain upon his health. Death of Queen Alexandra.

1926.—General strike. Visited Yorkshire—making a tour of Hull, Doncaster, and Halifax. Broke his collar bone when he was thrown from his horse.

1927.—Marlborough House prepared for his reception. Duke and Duchess of York set out for tour in Australia. Paid visit to King of Spain. Went to Canada for another visit to his ranch.

1928.—Opened new bridge at Newcastle-on-Tyne. Led the ex-Servicemen to the Menin Gate. Set out, in September, for holiday in East Africa with the Duke of Gloucester. Visited Mombasa, Nairobi, Uganda and Entebbe. On the news of the serious illness of King George he made a dash home, arriving in London on December 11—having done a journey of 6,000 miles in ten days. Anxious days during King's illness.

1929.—Convalescence of King George. Sold his hunters as he was no longer able to give up time to hunting. Represented the King at the funeral of Marshal Foch. Present at the Thanksgiving Service for the King's recovery in July.

1930.—Visited South Africa.

1931.—National Government formed after political crisis.

1932.—Made Master Mariner at the Mansion House in November.

1933.—Visited the Scilly Isles.

1934.—Opened the Police College at Hendon.—Death of King Albert, King of the Belgians.—Marriage of Prince George to Princess Marina of Greece.

1935.—Silver Jubilee Celebrations.—Birth of a son, Prince Edward, to the Duke and Duchess of Kent.—Wedding of the Duke of Gloucester to the Lady Alice Scott, daughter of the Duke of Buccleuch.—Death of his Aunt, Princess Victoria.

1936.—Death of King George at Sandringham on January 20.—Proclaimed King as Edward VIII on January 22.

FOR KING AND COUNTRY

Edward VIII During His Years of War Service

ON THE ITALIAN FRONT: Despite Lord Kitchener's remonstrances Edward VIII insisted on taking an active part in the war, and he proceeded to France in November 1914 to join his regiment where he was detailed to serve as a despatch rider, a task he fulfilled with commendable thoroughness. Later he went to Italy and was introduced to Army Headquarters by Victor Emmanuele, and with the King made a tour of the Isonso, Carso, and Trentino areas where he met and talked with soldiers of all ranks from private to Field Marshal. He is here depicted in conversation with an officer when awaiting the arrival of the Allied Commanders for an inspection

A VISIT TO CLYDESIDE: His Majesty walking through Messrs. D. & W. Henderson's shipyard, near Glasgow, when he was at home for a short while in the spring of 1918

WITH HIS FATHER IN 1917: King George and King Edward examining a bomb at the Gas School at Helfaut. His Majesty has always claimed that he owes a great deal to the war, and on his return home in 1918 it is recorded that he said "When I think of the future and the responsibilities which may fall to my lot, I feel that the experience gained will stand me in good stead"

ROYAL RO

TOURING VICKERS' WORKS DURING A VISIT TO SHEFFIELD IN THE SPRING OF 1923: A period when King Edward VIII was particularly busy fulfilling his own engagements and deputising for his parents as the latter were away in Italy on a visit during which they were the guests in Rome of King Victor Emmanuele and Queen Elena

IN THE INDUSTRIAL NORTH: His Majesty with the Mayor of Barnsley, Councillor Guest, and the soccer team at the local Social Service Centre for the Unemployed

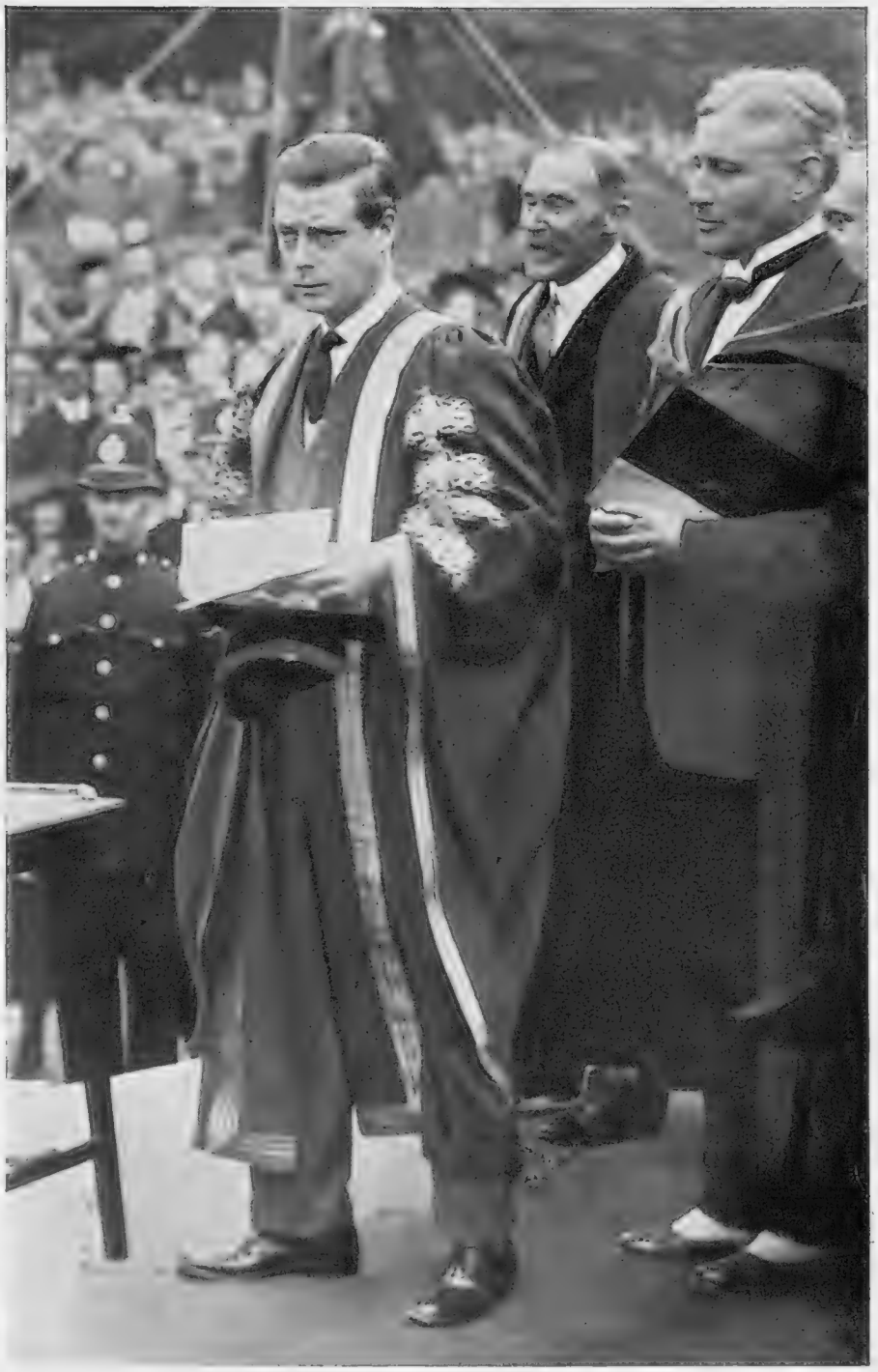
A VISIT TO THE GIANT GAS WORKS AT BECKTON, ESSEX, IN MAY 1932: His Majesty walking above the furnaces on his tour of inspection. At such times, according to one of his biographers, "he appears more in the role of a student of industry than as the omnipotent and condescending Royal personage of tradition. His questions are always particularly acute." *On right*—Waving his hat while cheering on his team the Welsh Guards, when they beat the 5th Battalion, the Royal Tank Corps, in a Rugby Cup Final at Aldershot

ROYAL CONGRATULATIONS AT BISLEY: Shaking hands with Private D. Burke, the nineteen-year old Canadian marksman, after his victory in the King's Prize at the sixty-first annual N.R.A. meeting held in July 1924.

UTINE:

Edward VIII Pictured on many Occasions During His Career of Ceaseless Public Service

AN INCIDENT IN THE DAILY ROUND: His Majesty, dressed in blue overalls and carrying a lamp, on returning to the surface after inspecting the coal face at the famous Haig Pit at Whitehaven, a colliery named after the British C.-in-C. and the workings of which extend some distance beneath the sea. While below ground King Edward tried his skill with a pick



DURING A THREE-DAY TOUR OF THE WEST COUNTRY: King Edward addressing a gathering of University students at Exeter in 1927. He has been a constant visitor to this part of the world and particularly to his neighbouring Duchy of Cornwall

HIS MAJESTY AS A BOY SCOUT: Presenting prizes during a rally at Llandrindod in August 1926. Two years earlier he spent a night under canvas at Wembley with Scouts from all parts of the world who had assembled for the Jamboree held during the course of the Empire Exhibition. *On right*—Inspecting a guard of honour at the Albert Hall before attending the presentation of degrees and receiving himself the degree of Master of Commerce

TAKING A WATER JUMP ON PASSPORT II: His Majesty at the Grafton Hunt Point-to-Point in 1926 when he was riding with such keenness that a full share of accidents came his way and were a cause of great public concern. Eventually he abandoned his activities in this direction, much to the relief of his father and mother

KING EDWARD AS A HORSEMAN

His Exploits in Point-to-Point Races

IN THE PADDOCK: The King with Brigadier-General Trotter at a Bicester and Warden Hill point-to-point meeting, and (*inset on left*) a nasty "spill" when riding Miss Muffit in the Welsh Guards' Challenge Cup at Hawthorn Hill. This mare gave His Majesty not a few falls, but in spite of her delinquencies remained a great favourite in the Royal stables at Melton Mowbray

AN HISTORIC OCCASION: King Edward removing his flying helmet after landing on the deck of the aircraft carrier *Courageous* following a flight on which he sent a wireless message from his father to the fleet—an interesting sidelight on the great naval review off Portland in 1932. *Below*—Arriving at Croydon Aerodrome in his private 'plane in September, 1932, before transferring to an air liner that took him to Copenhagen

THE KING AS AN AIRMAN

On January 21 King Edward journeyed by air from Norfolk to London in order to be present at the first Privy Council meeting of the reign, and His Majesty thus achieved the distinction of being the first British monarch to fly. Although during the war he had "been up" once or twice, and had travelled to Paris in a Handley-Page-Napier air liner in May, 1926, it was not until April, 1928, that he became a regular user of aeroplanes, and announced his intention of employing them whenever necessary in going about the country to fulfil his numerous engagements. He is quite familiar with the work of piloting, and has often taken the controls, but as a general rule he leaves this to Flight Lieutenant Fielden

OUT WITH THE BEAUFORT IN 1923: A characteristic impression of His Majesty in the hunting field where, in earlier days, he enjoyed so many of his leisure hours. Like his father he is a genuine lover of horses and, although not a natural horseman as is his brother the Duke of Gloucester, he has by numerous seasons of diligent practice acquired a seat that is accounted almost equally good. He has had many a tumble in the hunting field and has ridden in more than one gruelling point-to-point over some of the most formidable country in the shires

AN ALL-ROUND SPORTSMAN

His Majesty's Love of Open-air Activities

On right—PLAYING POLO AT HURLINGHAM IN 1921: Seeing that his opportunities for continuous practice at this most exacting of games have been so few, the King must be said to have reached a very high standard of play indeed. Among the happiest of his out-of-door memories are the matches in which he played in India—a land which he has described as "one vast polo ground where you can get a game at almost any time without bothering to fix it up days in advance"

DRIVING OFF ON THE RICHMOND COURSE: Assiduous though King Edward has been in applying himself to games of various kinds he has never aspired to the role of champion, preferring to regard sport in the first instance as a pleasant relaxation from public duties and in the second instance as a means of achieving and maintaining physical fitness. At golf he is inclined to be impetuous but he takes an immense delight in it and at times is really brilliant

DERBY DAY, 1926: On the course at Epsom in Coronach's year. His Majesty does not share either his father's or his grandfather's interest in the Turf, as a rule preferring to participate in rather than to watch sport. In the picture below, however, he is shown following with the keenest enjoyment the progress of a Ryder Cup contest at Southport

AT KITZBUHEL, FEBRUARY 1935, when His Majesty spent a winter sports holiday in Tyrol and, incidentally, brought prosperity to the town overnight, hosts of people flocking there to see him on the slopes. He is fond of ski-ing partly because he has always had a liking for speed for which, more wisely than many of his subjects, he has found outlets elsewhere than on the roads

KING EDWARD VIII ON TOUR: A sketch map giving an idea of the tremendous extent of His Majesty's journeyings through the Empire and foreign countries. The first Imperial visit was to Newfoundland and Canada in 1919, during which he paid an official call on the U.S. President. In 1920 he went to Australia and New Zealand, staying in the West Indies en route, and in 1921 he was in India where, despite Swarajist hostility, his presence did much to improve Anglo-Indian relations. His next trip was to West and South Africa in 1925, when he received a welcome alike from English, Boers, and natives. In the same year he was in South America

The King and His Imperial Tours

One of the Most Travelled Men of the Realm

KING EDWARD VIII comes to the throne as a much-travelled man. There are few districts in all the vast territory over which he has now been called to rule which have not been visited by him, so that all his subjects, scattered though they may be, can feel that their King knows them and their manner of living from personal experience. During the war he had met men from the Dominions, men who had eagerly become soldiers in loyal defence of the Motherland, and he had taken the resolution to see their countries when opportunity permitted.

It was in 1919 that the Prince of Wales made the first of his famous tours, visiting Canada, one of the oldest of the British Possessions overseas. There was at first some little anxiety as to the outcome of the visit. The young Royal ambassador was untried in such matters. He was only twenty-five years old, the war was only just over, and he had gone straight to the army from Oxford. But the Prince was keen and eager for his work and the enthusiastic welcome he met everywhere soon showed he had a way of winning hearts.

His first place of call was rightly Newfoundland, the oldest of the Colonies, which has been English since 1583 when it was discovered by Sir Humphrey Gilbert. There he received a tumultuous welcome in spite of the very heavy rain. St. John, the capital of New Brunswick, was the first town he reached in Canada. Then followed Halifax in Nova Scotia, the beautiful land known long ago as Acadie, when it was colonised by the early French explorers under Champlain, and which fell to the English after Wolfe's victory at Quebec.

Sailing up the St. Lawrence the Prince arrived at Quebec where the descendants of the French colonists greeted him warmly. He had no time to stay long anywhere, his programme was well filled and a strict time-table had to be kept. Montreal, Toronto, Ottawa, Winnipeg, Edmonton, Calgary, all were eager to see the Prince, and he never spared himself, though the hearty handshakes of many thousands of loyal Canadians put his right arm out of action, obliging him to keep it in a sling. All along the Canadian Pacific Railway people from neighbouring places crowded for a chance to see the young Royal visitor, who cheerfully stopped at wayside places to please the people who could not get to the great cities to which he was going.

But a thing which won over the sturdy Canadian was the fact that their Prince could ride, not as a mere fancy rider, but could mount a broncho and chase with shouting cowboys. The vision of farming life which he glimpsed made him decide to buy a ranch in Alberta, to which he could send some of his English cattle. This ranch has been no mere plaything, but has been worked seriously, though it is true the Prince has enjoyed immensely the occasional visits to Canada when bent only upon a visit to his property when he could doff ceremony and be a plain "rancher." After a visit to Vancouver, at the extreme western end of the great railway whose building has been one of the great romances of engineering, the Prince made his way back, and when he finally left Canada he had seen no fewer than fifty towns.

So successful had the Prince of Wales been on his first tour, that the following year he set out for a longer trip to Australia, which took him away from home for nearly seven months. It was a wonderful experience for him seeing a great part of the world hitherto unknown to him. Sailing in H.M.S. *Renown*, he stopped first at Barbados, where his father's black subjects swarmed to meet him. The natives were anxious at that time about their future, as there had been a talk of handing them over to America in part payment of the War Debt. The Prince dropped a pungent sentence which thrilled his hearers, "The King's subjects are not for sale." No wonder he was a success! Passing through the Panama Canal, which greatly interested him, he visited Fiji, as the next British port of call, before reaching New Zealand, where he had to take part in official receptions and ceremonies of all kinds, showing his keenest interest in the agricultural and industrial areas.

However formal some of the official parts of these Royal tours may appear to be, filled as they are with welcoming speeches and courteous replies, the Prince was, at the same time, gathering invaluable first-hand knowledge, meeting the leading men in the Dominions, seeing important industries and learning something of the difficulties and problems of the English people living on the other side of the world. The Prince may have made mistakes here and there, omitted to do some things officialdom considered correct, and done certain things out of sheer youthful spirits which a more mature man might have avoided, but the general impression left upon the countries he visited was that of a sympathetic, unassuming and keen young man, willing to learn what others could tell him, and desirous of fulfilling all the manifold duties which crowded each day.

In Australia, for instance, there was so much to see and do in the vast island-continent that the programme had to be curtailed, and at times the Prince showed signs of strain under the pressure of engagements which filled every hour. The chief places in Victoria, New South Wales, Queensland, Western Australia and South Australia were visited, the Prince gaining affection wherever he went by his capacity for being as democratic as democratic Australia could wish. He discarded uniforms wherever possible and was seen in the streets wearing the plain suits of the ordinary man. He came in for some excitement—an accident to his train from Perth, due to the slipping of the track owing to the heavy rain, might have been very serious, but fortunately no one was injured though two coaches were overturned, and the Prince himself shaken in his car.

On another occasion he was well drenched when giving a speech, the breaking of the long drought had come at an unfortunate moment! The Prince carried on through the heavy downpour which soaked his clothes and dripped down his hair. No wonder by the time he reached Tasmania he was so hoarse that he could only whisper his speech. Those who have regarded these tours as very expensive holiday jaunts should try what it means to do one of these intensive tours, every moment planned out, receptions, balls, dinners, seeing new people, visiting industrial centres, opening buildings, interspersed with long journeys, all accompanied by speeches to be made and listened to with care and attention—always the centre of the picture, every word and look and action being noted. Even the Press of Australia was moved to ask for consideration for the Prince from the kindly people who were so anxious to meet him.

The most difficult of the tours which the Prince undertook was the one to India, for which he started in the following year. India, at the time, was in a very troubled condition. Gandhi was very active, and the Indian Congress was agitating for complete independence. The order had been given that the Royal visit must be a failure, and that no one was to take any interest in the Prince. Some places, such as Allahabad, obeyed this order, and the native parts of the city were ominously silent, but elsewhere the reception was very cordial, crowds gathering for him at Benares and Calcutta.

B. H.

HIS MAJESTY IN SPAIN AND FRANCE: *Left*—At the grave of Sir John Moore, Corunna, Spain, and (*right*) inspecting a guard of honour at St. Cyr, the famous military academy

KING EDWARD VIII AS SOLDIER AND SAILOR

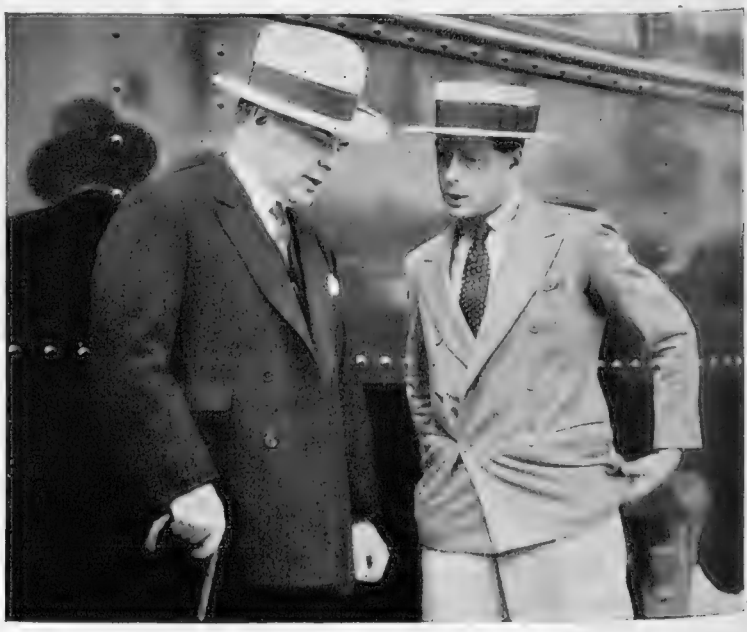
At the time of his accession last week King Edward held the ranks of General and Admiral, but now that he has become, as sovereign, head of the fighting services, he will, in due course, formally assume the ranks of Field Marshal and Admiral of the Fleet. He is pictured here as Colonel-in-Chief of Jacob's Horse (*left*), a famous Indian regiment, and (*right*) as Post-Captain in the Navy

KING EDWARD
the Traveller

A MAN OF THE WORLD: Our new King pictured on board *Repulse* in 1925 when he was returning from his highly successful African tour, during which he did so much to create harmony among the two dominant races of the Union and endeared himself to all classes by his unaffected ways. According to his biographer, Basil Maine, "He regarded this and his other journeys as the full-time job he had been fortunate enough to find. For a young man, still experimenting, still gathering in experience, it was a big, rather frightening job. If keenness were all that was wanted, he could have been completely confident. He was always conscious that the British Government regarded his missions as an experiment, that public opinion in England would be judging his success or failure by cold results, and not by the glamour of his receptions in all parts of the world. His desire to make a success made him earnest and serious beyond his years" *Below*—In conversation with Mr. E. W. Beatty, of the C.P.R. at Calgary in 1927

A ROUND UP ON HIS ALBERTA RANCH: His Majesty has spent some of his happiest days here, and it is here that he started a venture in stock raising which has proved extraordinarily successful, his cattle selling for good prices and thus establishing the business on a sound commercial basis. The ranch is situated at Pekisko High River, seventy miles from Calgary, extending to thousands of acres

IN FULL WAR PAINT: As a chief of the Stoney Indians—an honour conferred upon him in 1919



AMBASSADOR OF EMPIRE

Our New Monarch on His Journey to West and South Africa when Prince of Wales

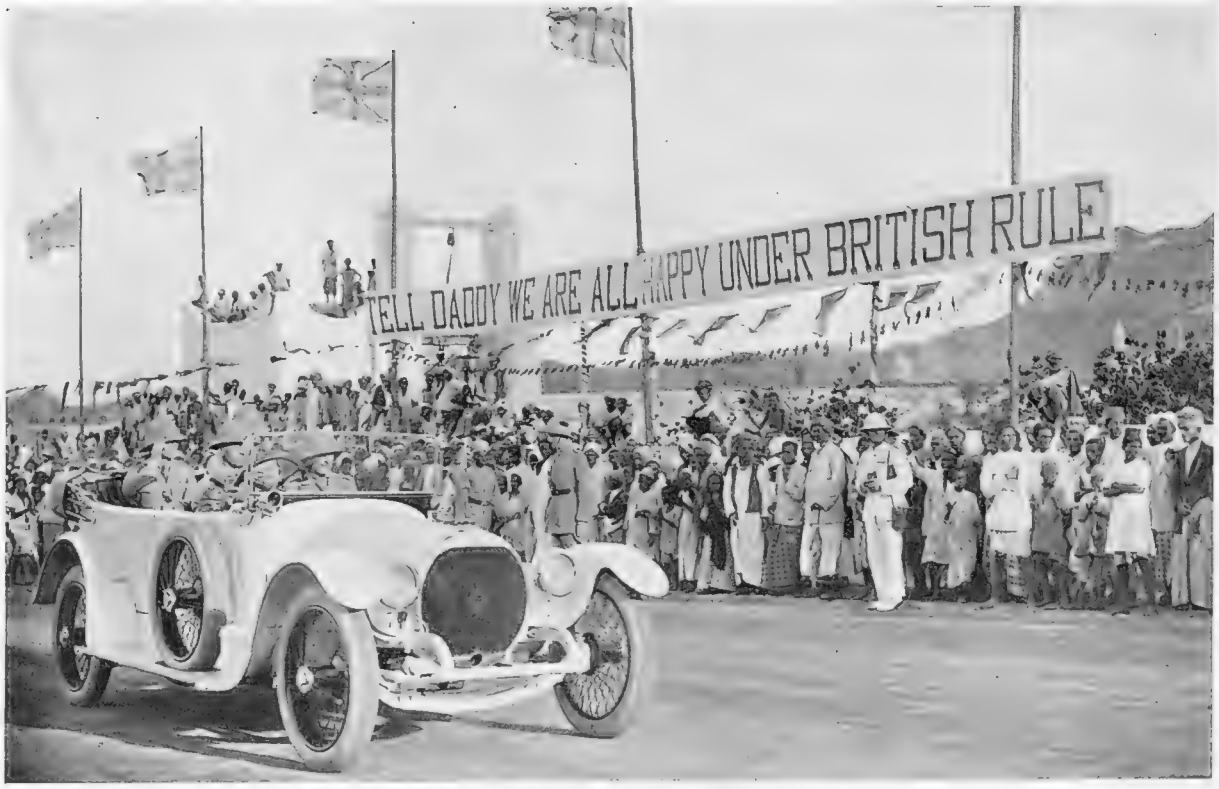
AT "THE WHITE MAN'S GRAVE"

AT "THE WORLD'S VIEW"

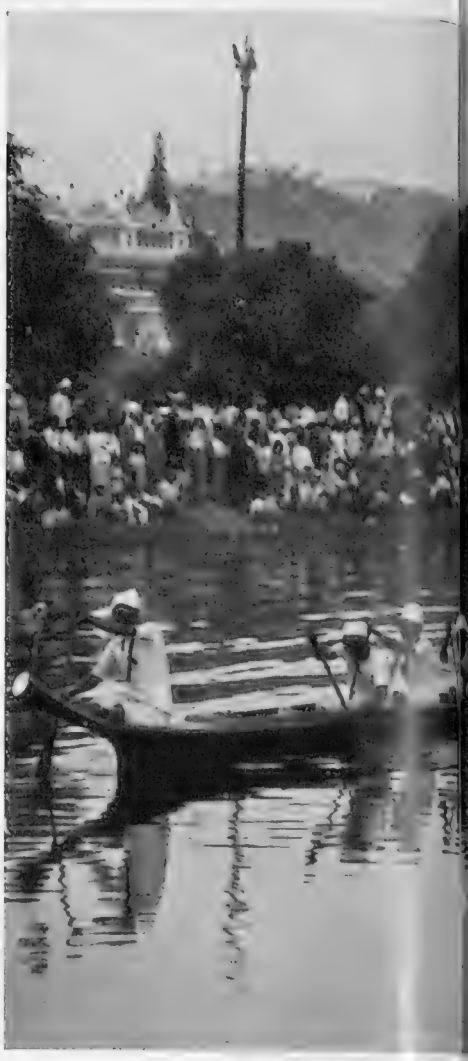
Two aspects of the tour of 1925, when the Prince visited West and South Africa and received, from natives and whites alike, a tremendous reception in every town and city. *Left*—With his Excellency the Governor at an agricultural show at Freetown, Sierra Leone, in April, and *(right)* standing near the graves of Cecil Rhodes and Sir Starr Jameson, the great Imperialists, in the Matoppo Hills near Bulawayo. His Majesty's tours lasted in the aggregate three years, during which he covered a distance of 250,000 miles and gained a knowledge of Imperial affairs as wide as that of any of his subjects

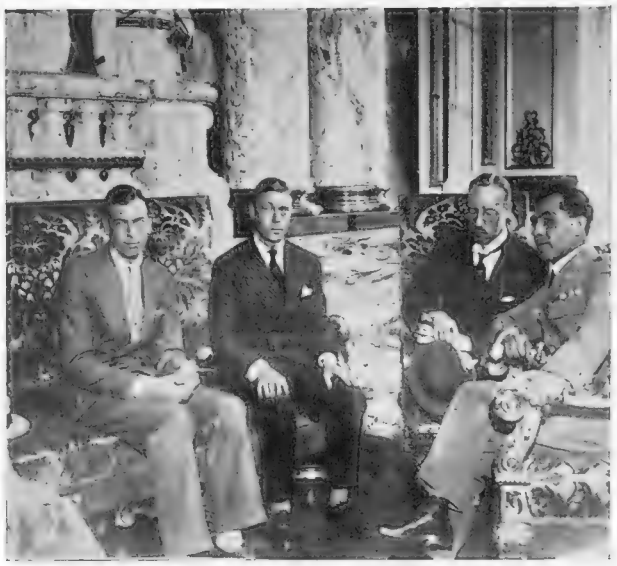
ON THE WATERS OF THE ZAMBESI: His Royal Highness in a dug-out canoe on the great river; another picture taken on his African journey

The King in Three Continents



A NAIVE BUT SINCERE MESSAGE: His Royal Highness driving past a banner displayed in the streets of Aden on November 12, 1921, when he visited this outpost at the beginning of his Imperial tour of the Far East





AT GOVERNMENT HOUSE, LIMA: The Prince of Wales and the Duke of Kent, who went on the South American tour together in 1931, pictured with the President of the Peruvian Republic. They also visited Bolivia, Chile, and the Argentine

CHILDREN'S DAY AT SINGAPORE: H.R.H. receiving a tremendous welcome from youngsters who were given a holiday to greet him. Every child carried a Union Jack

IN THE MAORI COUNTRY: Greeting native women during the New Zealand tour, when he was accorded what many writers have described as far the greatest ovations of his career

SHOOTING THE RAPIDS: H.R.H. on the Hozu-Gawa River at Kyoto—a picture that was published in every corner of the globe at the time of the Japanese visit in 1922. He was extremely popular with the people by reason of his democratic ways, revealed, for instance, when he drew Admiral Halsey in a rickshaw race

On Right — RECEIVING THE RULING CHIEFS OF RAJPUTANA: The Prince at one of the many brilliant ceremonies in which he took part throughout the length and breadth of India

MANDALAY 1922: The Royal barge, with the Prince on board, being towed by paddlers in their giant canoes. A scene of vivid Eastern pomp and pageantry during the Oriental tour

IN TH "REMOTE BERMUDAS": The heir and his brother, the Duke of Kent receiving guests a' Government House, Hamilton, during a short stay when en route to South America

AS BIG GAME HUNTER: Standing beside a rhinoceros "bagged" during a shooting holiday in Nepal. On this trip he brought down a tiger, a magnificent beast measuring 9 feet 6 inches from its nose to the tip of its tail

ON THE WAY TO A TIGER SHOOT IN NEPAL when, like his father before him, he was the guest of the Maharaja for several days and enjoyed some excellent sport. During this visit to India, which was near the beginning of his career in foreign travel, he revealed his staying powers in remarkable fashion, missing hours of sleep on many nights in order not to disappoint the people in towns where he could only make a short stay. One incident goes to show how diligent he was in adopting a right-minded attitude. During one of his drives through a throng of natives he saw a group whose despairing eyes at once told of the tragedy of their existence. They were the "Untouchables." As the car was passing the crowd was surprised to see him spring to his feet and face the forlorn little party with his hand at the salute

HOW KING EDWARD VIII CAME TO THE THRONE

KING EDWARD'S FATHER, GEORGE V

QUEEN MARY, MOTHER OF EDWARD VIII

JAMES (STUART) I OF ENGLAND

PRINCESS ELIZABETH *m.* FREDERICK, PALATINE OF THE RHINE

PRINCESS SOPHIA, *m* ERNEST, ELECTOR OF HANOVER

GEORGE I 1660—1727

GEORGE II 1683—1760

GEORGE III 1738—1820

GEORGE IV 1762—1830

WILLIAM IV 1765—1837

EDWARD, DUKE OF KENT, DIED 1820

ERNEST, DUKE OF CUMBERLAND

QUEEN VICTORIA 1819—1901

KING EDWARD 1841—1910

KING GEORGE 1865—1936

DUKE OF SAXE-COBURG, 1844—1900

DUKE OF CONNAUGHT BORN MAY 1, 1850

PRINCE LEOPOLD 1853—1884

IN this pictorial diagram the descent of Edward VIII from James I, the first Stuart monarch of England, is displayed. The direct male line of James I was cut off by Act of Parliament in 1689, when James II fled from England, and by so doing was considered to have abdicated. His heirs were deliberately struck out of the line of succession which was settled upon Mary (the elder daughter of James II) and William of Orange, her husband,

(*Continued below*)

jointly, and after their death upon Anne, Queen Mary's youngest sister and her heirs. After the passing of this Act the sovereigns of England reigned not merely by Divine right, or right of birth, but by Act of Parliament.

All the many children of Queen Anne had died before she came to the throne, necessitating an Act of Settlement, by which the crown was to pass on her death to a distant branch descended from Elizabeth, the daughter of James I. The beautiful Princess Elizabeth, who had inspired the poets of her day, had married Frederick, the Elector Palatine, who

(*Continued below*)

for a short time, during the turmoil of the Thirty Years' war, became King of Bohemia. The romance and beauty of the "White Queen of Bohemia" was handed on to her son, Prince Rupert, the dashing cavalry leader who fought so gallantly for his uncle, King Charles I, and also to her daughter, Sophia, who married the Elector of Hanover. Sophia very nearly became Queen of England, for she died only two months before her niece, Queen Anne, and thus lost the great desire of her life. It was said that she declared that she would die happy if "Queen of England" could be engraved on her coffin.

It was, however, her son George, who succeeded peacefully to the throne of England, becoming the first ruler of the House of Hanover. He

(*Continued above on right*)

was entirely German in his up-bringing, and in spite of the fact that it had been known for some time that he would probably become King of England he had never learnt a word of English. Owing to this disability he was unable to preside at Cabinet meetings or to understand the nature of new Bills which were proposed, and thus the government of the country passed from the King to the Cabinet.

George I was succeeded by his son George II,

(*Continued below*)

also a German, though he could speak English, even if it were very ungrammatical and with a strong German accent. Both the first two Georges of the line of Hanover were aliens in England, loving their German homeland far more than the greater inheritance which had fallen to them. The eldest son of George II died before his father, and so the third George was the grandson of the second.

In 1818 there was no living legitimate grandchild to ascend the throne, for the Princess Charlotte, the only child of George, the Prince Regent, had died in 1817. This serious state of affairs made the Duke of Kent, the fourth son, hasten to marry, as his three elder brothers seemed unlikely to have children. The rigid limitations of the Royal Marriage Act would not allow him to regularise his long association with Madame St. Laurent. He therefore married Victoria the sister of Prince Leopold of Coburg. His only child became Queen Victoria, who had the rare good fortune to see, before she died, three generations in direct descent—her son (Edward VII), her grandson (George V) and her great-grandson, the present King Edward VIII.

KING EDWARD THE EIGHTH

A DASH ACROSS THE WORLD

When Edward VIII, as Prince of Wales, Returned in Haste from East Africa to the Bedside of the King

Drawn by Fortunino Matania, R.I.

A DRAMA OF 1928: On hearing of the serious illness of his father, the Prince of Wales did not stand upon the order of his departure from East Africa, where he had been on holiday, not even stopping to collect his kit and travelling through the Red Sea (depicted on right) in the clothes he had worn on "safari." From Dar-es-Salaam the cruiser *Enterprise* steamed the 1,750 miles to Aden in 73½ hours, and not many days later, despite ghastly weather in the Mediterranean, H.R.H. reached Brindisi. From there to Boulogne he went by train, a distance of 1,318 miles, and except by 'plane Europe has never been traversed with such speed, for the Royal train (the driver and firemen of which are shown on left) reached its destination in no more than 31 hours

THE GOAL OF THE JOURNEY: Vast crowds cheering the Prince of Wales at Victoria Station on his arrival back in London after his dramatic and amazingly rapid return trip—a journey, normally one of twenty-three days, that was compressed into nine-and-a-half

HE HAS MET THEM ALL: King Edward VIII and His Contacts with Notabilities

THE VISIT TO JAPAN IN 1922

At the conclusion of his great tour of India King Edward was able to gratify his long unfulfilled desire to visit Japan, and in this picture he is seen walking across one of the Tokyo parks with the Crown Prince and Crown Princess, who four years later succeeded as Emperor and Empress. During his stay he was made a General of the Japanese army

AT THE PARLIAMENT OF NATIONS

PRINCE AND PREMIER

The new monarch is essentially a man of the world, he has met all sorts and conditions of men in his journeyings at home and abroad and, in so doing, has become a first-class judge of character and, in addition, has acquired a truly extraordinary fund of general knowledge. *Left*—Leaving the League of Nations building at Geneva and (*right*) with Mr. Stanley Baldwin during his second Premiership

KING EDWARD'S GREATEST POST-WAR INTEREST

His Enthusiastic Work on Behalf of the Ex-Service Men

INSPECTING LEGIONARIES ON THE HORSE GUARDS PARADE

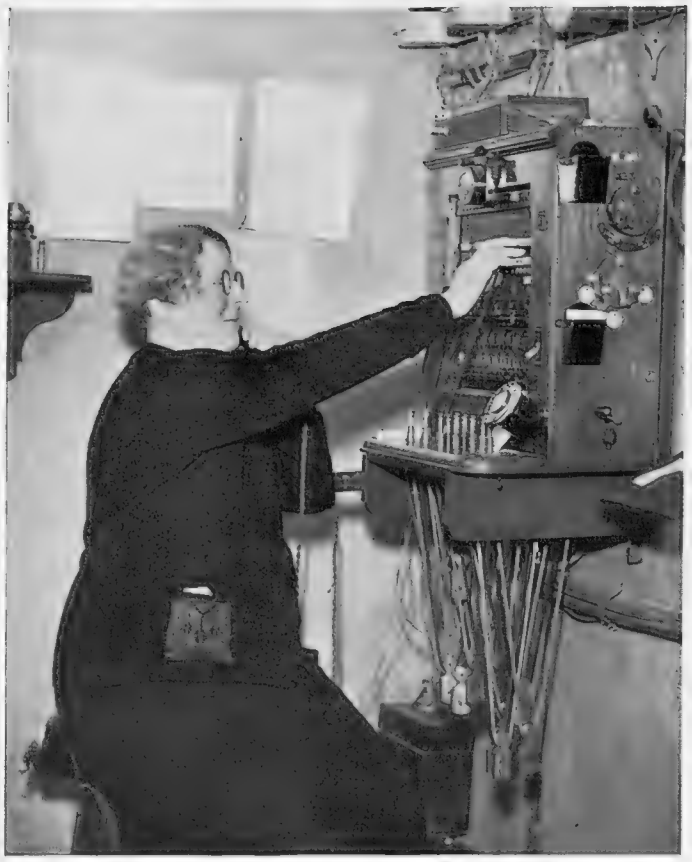
His Majesty passing down the ranks prior to a British Legion Service of Remembrance held at the Cenotaph at Whitsuntide, 1926. But one example of his ceaseless interest in the ex-Service men whose gallant work in the trenches he witnessed personally

AT THE DISABLED EX-SERVICE MEN'S EXHIBITION AT THE IMPERIAL INSTITUTE

Our new King making his tour of the display in November last when, in accordance with his usual custom, he set an example by his generous patronage of the stalls. Queen Mary has also given tremendous encouragement to this work

Intimate Aspects of the Week of Mourning

Sidelights on the King's Passing and the Accession



WIRES OF SYMPATHY: At Dersingham, near Sandringham, where normally not more than two dozen telegrams are received in a week, the village post-office staff (a member of which is depicted here), augmented by officials from East Anglian towns, had to deal, after the King's passing, with many thousands of messages addressed to the Queen. Nearly 200, indeed, came through in one hour, and at times it was well-nigh impossible to keep pace with the flow

ONE OF MANY CHANGES THAT WILL HAVE TO BE MADE: The obverse and reverse of the Great Seal of England which will be re-designed with the image of Edward VIII. Postage stamps will naturally, also have to be altered in due course, but this is not likely to be done until the existing supplies are nearing exhaustion

DEATH KNELL: On the day following the King's passing this bell was heard by tens of thousands of Londoners, its solemn and melodious tones rolling out dramatically from St. Paul's across the City. This is an ancient clock bell, and is much smaller than Great Paul, the largest of its kind in the United Kingdom, which rang the welcome to Their Majesties on Jubilee Day, 1935

HOURS OF ANXIETY: Eighty-five year old Mr. James Roberts of Epping, Essex, listening in to the bulletins as they came through over the wireless on the last night of King George's illness. Only a month ago he had received a telegram from His Majesty congratulating him on the occasion of the sixty-fifth anniversary of his wedding

A SOLEMN MOMENT: Guardsmen, with their drums muffled, standing to attention as the party of Heralds passed from St. James's Palace to Charing Cross, there to read for the second time the proclamation which had been approved by the Privy Council and announced the accession of His Majesty King Edward VIII

AN ALTERATION IN PROCEDURE AT WELLINGTON BARRACKS: After the King's death the bugle was dispensed with and superseded by a whistle. This is always done on such occasions

AFTER THE ACCESSION PROCLAMATION: Flags at full mast again in accordance with traditional custom—a form of procedure of which one or two of the Embassies and Legations appeared not to be aware

THE MONTE CARLO CALENDAR

Winter Season, 1936

JAN. 26	MONTE CARLO OPERA SEASON opens with Wagner's "Ring."
JAN. 29–FEB. 2	MONTE CARLO MOTOR RALLY.
FEB. 13	Monte Carlo Golf Club—The Windsor Challenge Cup.
FEB. 16	Tennis Competition for the Cup presented by T.S.H. Princess Antoinette and Prince Rainier of Monaco.
FEB. 19	Music—LISZT FESTIVAL, Conducted by George Georgesco.
FEB. 20	Monte Carlo Golf Club—Sporting Club Challenge Cup.
FEB. 21	Classical Concert with Mlle. Erica Morini.
FEB. 22	Monte Carlo Opera—Gala Performance and Charity Ball.
FEB. 24–MARCH 1	MONTE CARLO COUNTRY CLUB—GRAND INTERNATIONAL TENNIS TOURNAMENT.
FEB. 27	Monte Carlo Golf Club—"Rivett-Carnac" Challenge Cup.
MARCH 1	Winter Sports—Annual Downhill Race at La Colmiane.
MARCH 4	Berlioz' Requiem, Conducted by Dimitri Mitropoulos.
MARCH 5	Monte Carlo Golf Club—"Walter de Frece" Challenge Cup.
MARCH 6	Music—GALA CONCERT, Conducted by RICHARD STRAUSS.
MARCH 8	Winter Sports—Monte Carlo Ski Club Relay Race at Beuil.
MARCH 19–20	Monte Carlo Golf Club—THE PRESIDENT'S CHALLENGE CUP.
MARCH 25	CLASSICAL CONCERT, with MME. ELISABETH SCHUMANN.
MARCH 27	GRAND RECITAL by MME. ELISABETH SCHUMANN.
MARCH 28	INTERNATIONAL DOG SHOW.
APRIL 1	GALA CONCERT, with MME. LOTTE LEHMANN.
APRIL 2	Monte Carlo Theatre—OPENING OF THE BALLET SEASON.

THE MONTE CARLO MUSIC SEASON continues throughout April, during which month KREISLER will appear on two occasions. THE OPERA SEASON runs until the end of March, and amongst other distinguished Singers who will be heard are LILY PONS, AUTORI and CHALIAPINE. The Comedy and Operetta season also continues until the end of March at the Théâtre des Beaux Arts.

(The foregoing is only a brief summary of the more important events up to the beginning of April—the programme for January has already been published in earlier editions of the Calendar.)

TRAVEL ARRANGEMENTS

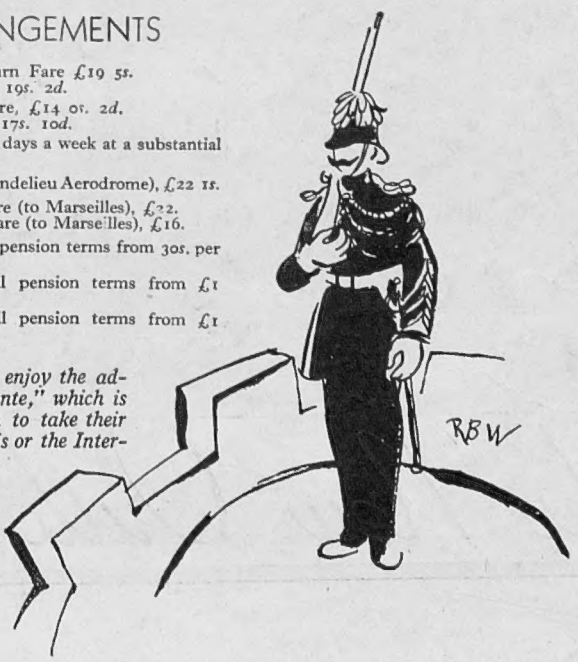
TRAIN (24 hours) 1st Class Return Fare £19 5s.
Return Sleeper, £9 19s. 2d.
2nd Class Return Fare, £14 0s. 2d.
Return Sleeper £8 17s. 10d.

30-day Tickets are available on two days a week at a substantial reduction.

AIR (7 hours) Return Fare (to Mandelieu Aerodrome), £22 1s.

SEA (7 days) 1st Class Return Fare (to Marseilles), £22.
2nd Class Return Fare (to Marseilles), £16.

HOTELS—HOTEL DE PARIS.—Full pension terms from 30s. per day.
HOTEL HERMITAGE.—Full pension terms from £1 per day.
HOTEL METROPOLE.—Full pension terms from £1 per day.



At each of these hotels visitors enjoy the advantage of the "pension tournante," which is an arrangement permitting them to take their meals either at the Café de Paris or the International Sporting Club as an alternative to their Hotel Restaurant. There are other good hotels to suit every purse, where full pension terms can be arranged from 10s. per day. Full particulars from Messrs. Thos. Cook & Son, Ltd., and all travel agencies

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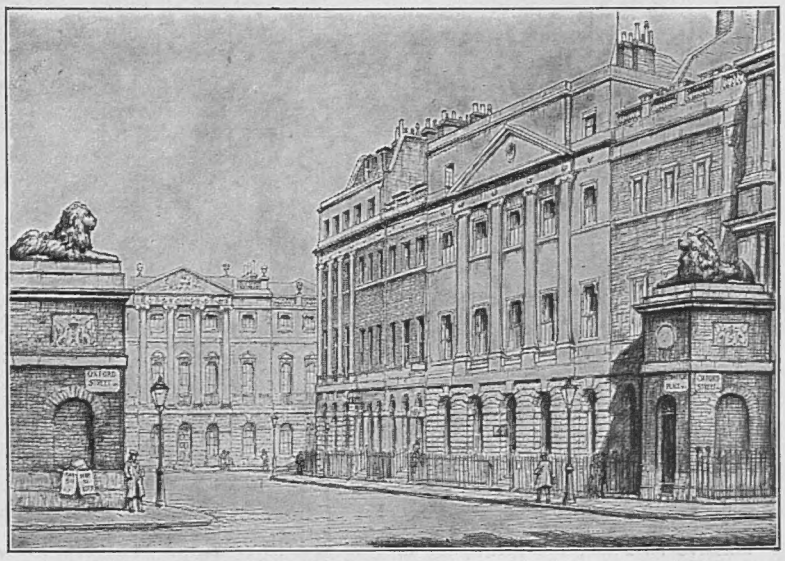

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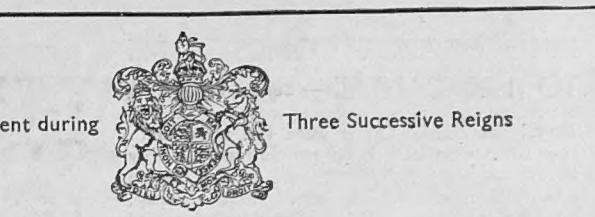

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KING GEORGE COMES HOME TO HIS CAPITAL—(*Cont. from p.* 178)

Royal Standard. On it were the wreaths of the King who had been proclaimed the day before—*le Roi est mort, vive le Roi!*—and the dead monarch's Queen. And shining, glinting, amid everything that was grey and hopeless, the Imperial Crown. A dazzling rallying point—a sign and a symbol of unity and courage and hope in things to come out of a past that was gone.

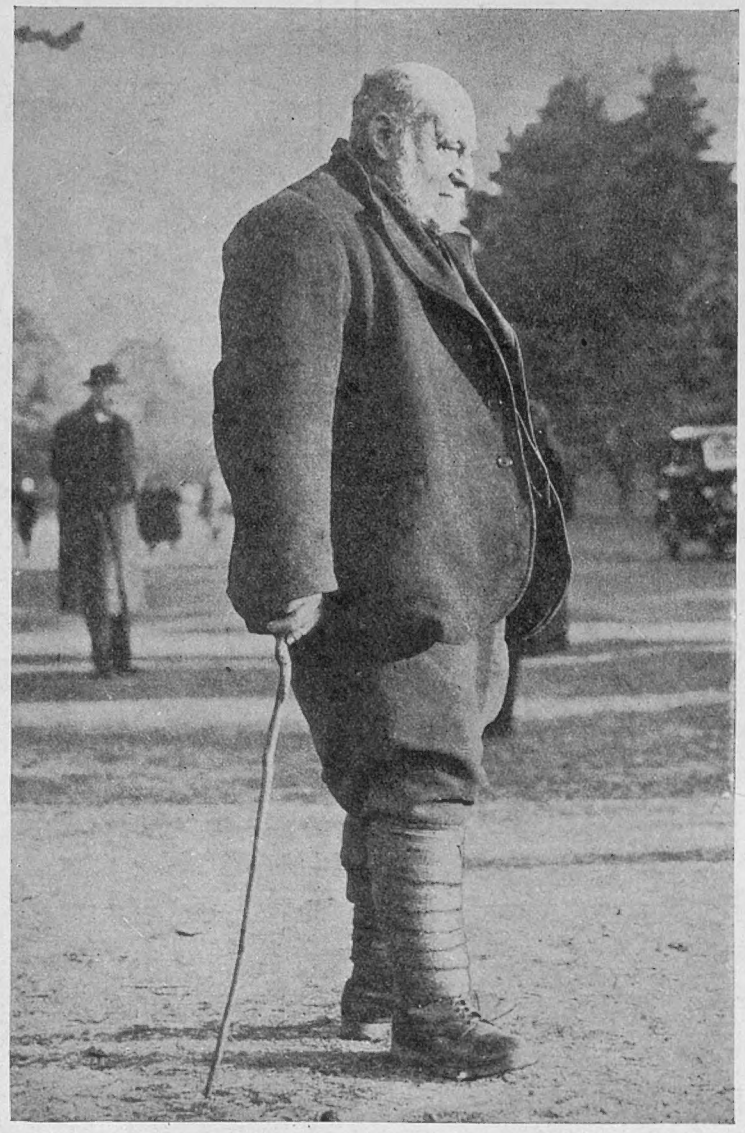
It may sound a foolish and a banal thing to say that people wept. But they did weep. It was terribly silent down Kingsway—with the silence of a City of Dreadful Night, though it was yet day. In the silence one could hear the clop-clop of the gun horses and the tramp-tramp of the tired King and his tired brothers. It was a moment which wrung from one as much sorrow for the living as for the dead. Sorrow for the tired, tramping King.

It is an almost unimaginable happening. Certainly it can never have happened before. A King, newly proclaimed, "foot-slogging" — a good soldierly term which would warm his heart—in the wake of the dead King who was his father. No proud charger to bear him, no trappings of State to sustain him. Just a tired man in civilian black—with the cares of an Empire on his weary shoulders—tramp, tramping behind his dead father with a glittering Imperial Crown as his guiding star.

I said that people wept. I repeat that they did. You could hear the strangled sobs of women above the clop-clop of the gun horses and the tramp-tramp of the tired King. And no man who saw it will ever forget his face. It was a countenance on which a high resolve was mastering a shattering grief.

Then down to Westminster, down to Westminster Hall. There the dead King's Grenadiers bore his coffin to the catafalque which had been made ready for him. Presently the dead King's faithful Commons passed us on quiet feet to do him homage. And, as these words go into print, an endless stream of his loyal lieges will be filing past King George's bier.

But I like best to think of my dead King in the utter silence of Westminster Hall's dead night. The greystone floor, the great walls —massive as Fate; the soft lights streaming up to the immeasurably distant heights of the dark roof, in the immensity of which the lights dwindle and die,



IN SAD REFLECTION: Billy Fields, a veteran estate worker, pictured in the grounds of Sandringham on the morning that the King's last remains were conveyed to London

THE HOUSE OF MOURNING

(*Continued from p.* 173)

dense spruce and Scots pines that are ever making their sigh to the winds. To one knowing what must soon pass, not all the wintry brilliance of the morning could touch that road to brightness.

Near the tiny church the crowd reached its most compact array, waiting ungrudgingly till the hour should come. And presently that lamenting pipe which conducted the King through Tuesday night's bleak downpour, spoke again. A moment more, and twelve Grenadiers, their boots ringing on the frosty road, issued from the churchyard; and then, escorted by Artillery outriders, the gun carriage rolled into view. The Royal Standard, still enfolding the coffin and still crowned with the wreaths of the Queen and her children, stirred lightly in the wind.

Behind, with his brothers and the Earl of Harewood, walked King Edward the Eighth, his face overcast and constrained. The Queen, to whom every eye turned in solicitude, sat with proud fortitude in the carriage which followed; next, hardly to be glimpsed, the Royal Duchesses passed by.

And, then, saddled, led by a groom, came Jock. He plodded patiently, steadily, perhaps musing and puzzled by the strange tokens of the day. King George's valet, a trusted friend; the officers of the Household, the tenantry, the estate workers, trudged in all simplicity behind. Nothing was needed to dignify that cavalcade.

THE SHAFTESBURY HOMES AND "ARETHUSA" TRAINING SHIP

Technical training is given a prominent place in the lives of the boys belonging to this Society, and at a recent *Tailor and Cutter* Exhibition several old boys previously at the Society's Fortescue House School, Twickenham, and now at their Fordham House, London, Hostel, did exceedingly well. Out of six classes in which they competed they gained five first and four second prizes, one garment being described as one of the best exhibits in the exhibition. This is indeed proof of the start in life these boys receive, and contributions are much needed to keep this work going to its full capacity. All donations will be gratefully acknowledged from the Society's Headquarters, 164, Shaftesbury Avenue, London, W.C.2.

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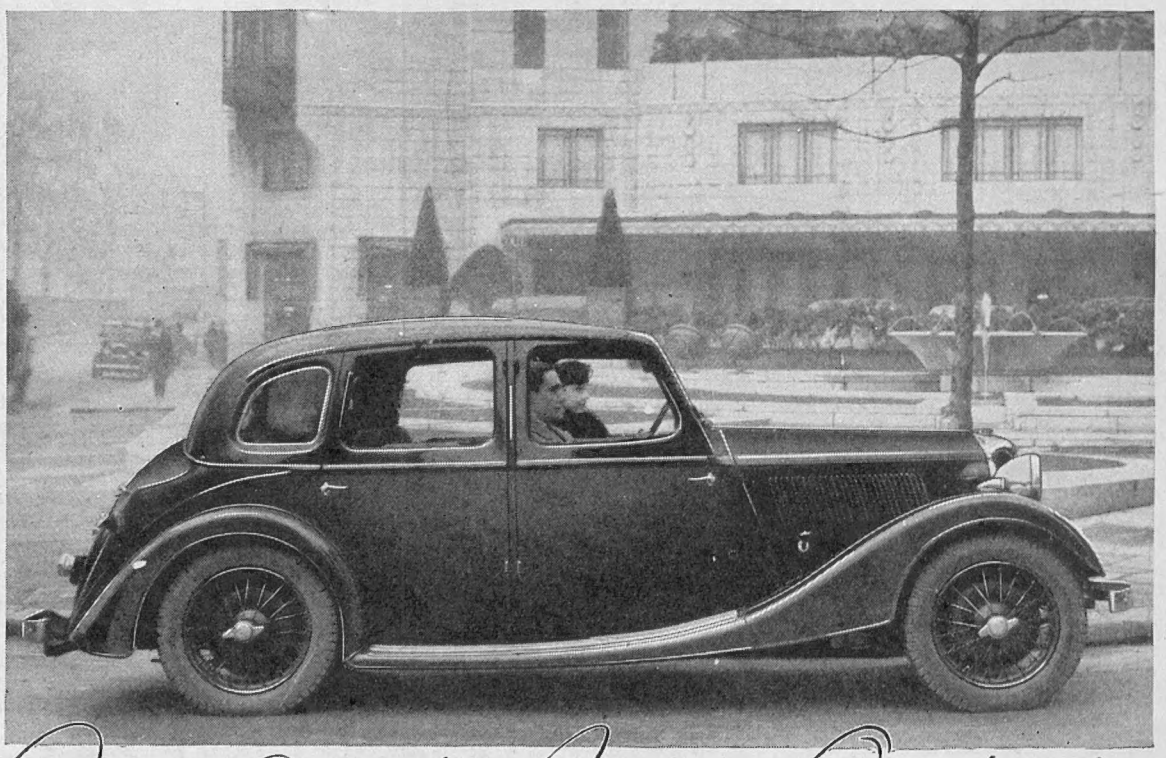

The Car for the New Outlook

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TRAVEL NOTES of the WEEK

Answers to Enquirers

K., Norfolk (Spain).—You would find the climate of the Atlantic coast of Spain ideal for a holiday in June and July, when conditions would be favourable for sun and sea bathing. Sangenjo is a small resort at the sea end of the Pontevedra inlet with good facilities for bathing and boating. The coast is rocky, generally speaking, though there is a sandy beach at Sangenjo. The surrounding country is hilly and wooded, and it is possible to make delightful excursions by boat for the various inlets known as the Galician fjords run inland for a considerable extent. The seaside spa of La Toja is nine miles from Sangenjo, but it is rather more fashionable than the latter which we think is more suitable for young people. The boats of the Royal Mail Line call at Vigo, from where you could travel the short distance to Pontevedra by train. The *Alcantara* leaves Southampton on June 13, arriving at Vigo on June 15, and in the homeward direction the *Alcantara* leaves Vigo on July 18, arriving at Southampton on July 20, the return 1st class fare from Southampton to Vigo being £18.

D., Cheshire (Germany).—The return 2nd class fare from London to Freiburg im Breisgau is approximately £6 10s., including the 60 per cent. reduction granted by the German Railways providing one stays at least seven days in Germany. Outward travel, as far as the German frontier is limited to a Monday or Saturday, though the return journey can be made on any day, within seventeen days from the day of issue. The journey from Cologne to Mainz can be made by Rhine steamer if you wish, the beauties of the district being seen much better from the river than from the train. The trip from Cologne to Mainz occupies about twelve-and-a-half hours.

K., Notts.—The thirty-day holiday tickets to the French Riviera are valid for outward travel on Mondays and Saturdays, and also for Thursday, April 9, for Easter, and Friday, May 29, for Whitsun. The 25 per cent. reduction in 1st and 2nd class wagons-lits and Pullman supplements is granted only providing one books and pays for accommodation in both directions before leaving England. The 2nd class thirty-day fare to Mentone via Boulogne or Calais is £11 13s. 3d., the supplement for the 2nd class sleeper between Paris and Mentone being £3 7s. 5d.

R. H., Mon. (Czechoslovakia).—Strbske Pleso on the shores of the lake of that name is the highest situated spa in Czechoslovakia. It lies in the heart of the High Tatras, the most beautiful part of the Czechoslovak Carpathians. Strbske Pleso is well protected from cold winds as it is situated on the southern slopes of the mountains, and has a high average of daily sunshine. The leading hotel there is the Grand Hotel Hviezdoslav. The Spa can be reached by cog railway or autobus from Strba on the main Prague-Kosice railway in summer, and by sledge from Strba in winter. Strbske Pleso is well known as a winter resort, but if you wish to see the countryside at its best you would do better to make your visit there during June or July, when innumerable excursions can be made on foot, by road and by rail. Two trips which you should not fail to make are those to the State spa of Smerdzonka (an interesting journey on rafts on the Dunajec river), back across Ruzbacky and the typical old village of Kezmarok to the well-known ice-caverns of Dobsina, and to the magnificent castle Oravsky Podzamok.

AT THE SERVICE OF OUR READERS

"The Sphere's" Bureau of Travel Information

The Editor begs to remind his readers that the services of "The Sphere's" Travel Bureau are fully at their disposal. Enquiries addressed Travel Bureau, Offices of "The Sphere," 346, Strand, W.C. 2, will be promptly answered

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Antwerp.—Grand Hotel de Londres.—Best position in town. Highest service at reasonable rates. Telegrams: Lonhotel, Anvers.

CHANNEL ISLANDS.

Guernsey.—Moore's Queen's Hotel.—Fully licensed, with H. & C. running water. Central. 3 Gns. to end of June. 4 Gns. summer. A.A.

FRANCE.

Paris.—Hotel du Jubile, 125, Avenue Champs-Elysées.—Opened 1935. Sun and fresh air. Private bath and breakfast from 10/6.

Cannes.—Hotel des Anglais.—Highest class residential hotel in large park. "Going to Cannes means staying at the Anglais."

Cap Martin.—Roquebrune.—Villa Sevigne.—5 min. from centre Monte Carlo. Famous for its cuisine. H. & C. water. Pens. fr. 28 Frs. up.

Hyeres.—Hotel Beausejour.—Engl. Resid. Hotel in large garden. Engl. Library. Nearest golf, croquet. From 9/- daily. Bertrang, Prop.

Menton.—Hotel des Anglais.—A famous English hotel on sea front. Sunny and quiet. Taken over by owners. Terms from 4 gns. weekly.

Menton.—Hotel Bellevue et d'Italie.—Patronly Royalty. Beaut. own gds. Terms fr. 4 gns. Restaur. pers. super. by mang. P. Churchman.

Menton.—The Majestic (Swiss Hotel).—Nearest to Casino, facing gardens, all comfort. Pension from 4 gns. weekly.

Menton.—Orient Hotel.—A most luxurious hotel centr. sit. 200 rms, 100 baths. Terms from Frs. 35 per day, facing south. Prop. L. Brunetti.

Menton.—Hotel Royal & Westminster.—On Sea Front, with Garden. 1st Class. 100 yds. fr. New Casino. Quotations in sterling on demand.

FRANCE—*continued*.

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Nice.—Atlantic Hotel.—First-class, 200 rooms. Own Gar. with lock-ups. Attr. terms. Annexe: Hotel Du Rhin. Rms. fr. Frs 25. Entir. renov.

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Stuttgart.—Hotel Graf Zeppelin.—Facing Main Station. The most up-to-date Hotel in South Germany.

Stuttgart.—Hotel Viktoria.—Most distinguished world-wide known house. Seasonable terms.

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Wiesbaden.—Hotel Nassauer Hof.—World-rend. Finest pos. op. Pk. & Opera. Wiesbaden Springs. Pat. best Brit. Soc. Pens. fr. Mks. 12.

Wiesbaden.—Palast Hotel.—First-class Hotel, opposite Kochbrunnen. Every possible comfort. Own bath-estab. Pens. from RM. 10.

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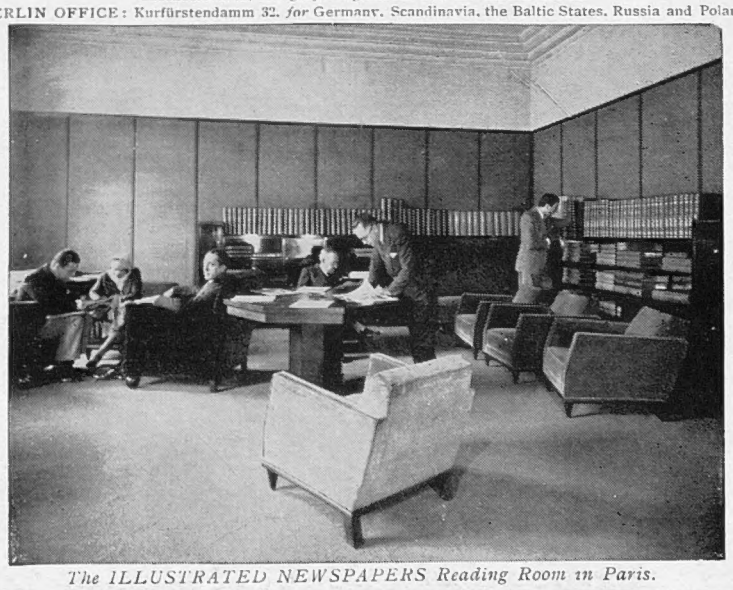

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